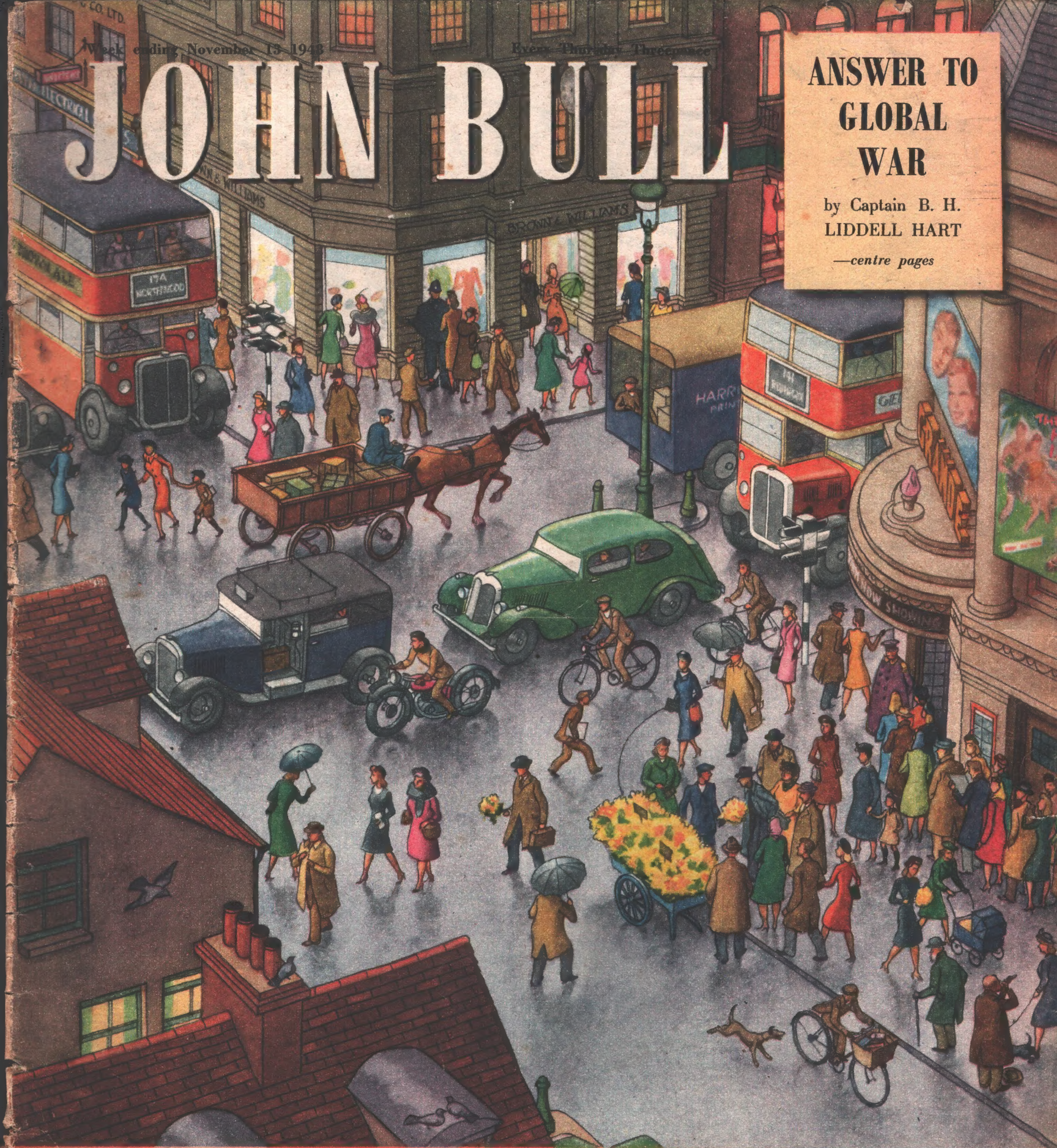
Week ending November 13 1943 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



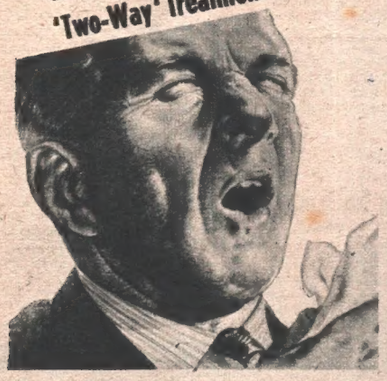
ANSWER TO GLOBAL WAR

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

—centre pages

Great new novel by H. E. BATES—and two complete stories

Quick! Tell him about the 'Two-Way' Treatment for Colds!



It's quite simple. In most cases it stops a Cold *quickly*—often overnight. Here is the treatment:- *At the first symptoms, start gargling and also rinse out the nostrils every few hours with diluted T.C.P.* This treatment tackles the infection in nose and throat—

1. Gargle with T.C.P. 2. Take doses of T.C.P.

relieves throat soreness and clears clogged nostrils. *Then, three times a day, drink a teaspoonful of T.C.P. in water.* These doses help your natural defences to get rid of any Cold toxins (poisons) that may enter the system and cause feverishness. It's this extra internal action that makes T.C.P. so effective in stopping most Colds promptly.

T.C.P. *Regd.*

From all Chemists in 1/7d. and (4 times the quantity) 3/9d. bottles (including tax).

DON'T LISTEN TO THE TRAFFIC JIMP

"Why go round?" says the Traffic Jimp. "You can cross here, can't you?"

Perhaps you can. But each scurry across is a risk you needn't take.

On a pedestrian crossing, drivers are *expecting* you. Here, they're not. So it's more difficult for them, more dangerous for you. Jay-walking is one of the reasons why 2,380 pedestrians were killed last year. 52,850 were injured.

The Traffic Jimp tempts you to try and save time. Don't listen. Using the crossings may *save your life*.

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

Your Choice Jam

Made by BATGERS

SAXA the all purpose SALT

NEW IMPROVED CREAM DEODORANT

safely STOPS underarm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin.
2. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
3. Prevents odour. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days.
4. Pure, white, greaseless, vanishing.
5. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.

Arrid *2/5 a jar*

Supplies are rather better now, and you've a good chance of being able to get Arrid from your chemist, hairdresser, or local store. You'll find the new improved Arrid has been worth waiting for.

GIBBS HAPPY FAMILIES

Tip for Treasure Hunters . . .

1 **MR. EARTH** the Explorer is in danger! Trouble is brewing. His journey has lasted so long that stores are getting low . . . but the natives *must* have gifts.

2 **"LUCKY** we've still got some Gibbs," cries Master Earth the Explorer's son, "those red, blue and green cases are sure to please the natives."

3 **"YES,** and they'll like the fresh Gibbs taste as much as we do," agrees Mrs. Earth the Explorer's wife, "it will spruce them up a bit, too."

4 **SERVICE** with a smile now . . . Gibbs works like a charm! Mr. Earth says "Gibbs solid dentifrice is treasure indeed, it lasts so long and only costs **9d.** each."

GD 269-1160

Get your FEET fit!

There are about 3,000 pores to every square inch of your skin, and to be healthy they must *breathe*. Your feet are shut away from the air, carry the weight of your body all day; the pores become clogged with stale foot acid, and feet ache and burn. A daily dip in warm water with a handful of Radox added washes the hurtful acid away, leaving feet eased and comforted. You can also sprinkle Radox into your bath. After a jading day its tonic action will wash away your tiredness. At all chemists (in the pink packet). Price 1/10½ and 3/2.

NEW! *Radox Cubes, 3½d. each, give you a handy, measured quantity of Radox for bath or bowl!*

RADOX Bath Salts *renews you from top to toe*

1350-3

"COUGH?"

said the Chemist

"We'll soon put that right!"

ZUBES Cough Mixture brings you, in one smooth delicious syrup ★nine proved ingredients to soothe your angry throat and relieve your cough. That is why more people buy Zubes Cough Mixture, the family's favourite formula. Children love it. So get a bottle today and be ready for coughs the minute they start. Spare your child the misery of a night or day of coughing and prevent coughs ever getting a hold in your family! Chemists recommend Zubes Cough Mixture—1/6 and 2/9½.

★Balsam of Tolu, Aniseed, Ginger, Capsicum, Oil of Peppermint, Glycerine, Glucose, Oil of Cloves, Sugar.

ZUBES

COUGH MIXTURE

The Family Stand-by

HALLS BARGAIN SHEDS ARE CHEAPEST

WIDE RANGE OF HIGHEST VALUE AT LOWEST PRICES

SHEDS, GARAGES, GREENHOUSES & POULTRY HOUSES

FREE DELIVERY ENGLAND & WALES

WRITE FOR LIST—

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST TIMBER SHEDS FOR CASH or MOST FAVOURABLE HIRE PURCHASE TERMS

BUY FROM THE LARGEST MAKERS

Robert H. Hall & Co. (KENT) Ltd.

J.B. 12 PADDOCK WOOD · KENT

BOTTLED VINEGAR is best!

and this is the BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

Everyone has someone

worth saving for!

INVEST IN NATIONAL SAVINGS

Issued by the National Savings Committee

It's the same as pre-war

'CAMP'

YOURS

£270 A YEAR AT AGE 65

OR

£3000 IN CASH

For women the income would be slightly smaller

You can make sure of having a choice like this at age 65 (plus guaranteed bonuses) by taking out a Pearl Pension Assurance Policy now. In the event of your earlier death a sum of £3,000 plus accrued guaranteed bonuses would be available at once for your dependants.

Premium payments rank for income tax abatement

PEARL PENSION ASSURANCE

ENQUIRY FORM *1d. stamp only if envelope unsealed*

To PEARL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

Please supply full particulars of your PENSION ASSURANCE Policy.

Name .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

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J.B.79A (13.11.48) Date of Birth.....

The family friend

Friendly and comforting in many a minor digestive upset. Bringing double-action relief promptly and pleasantly. A gentle laxative and an effective antacid. Kept at hand in all the best regulated families.

'Milk of Magnesia'

REGD. TRADE MARK

Large size 3/2 — equals 3 small size 1/7

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

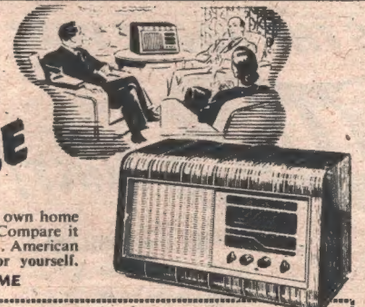
But he couldn't get on with it at all, at first. Then the clinic told mother that he was finding cows' milk difficult to digest—it was forming into a clot which his delicate little tummy couldn't cope with. So mother took to adding Robinson's 'Patent' Barley to the milk and that put matters right. It modifies the cows' milk sufficiently to allow him to digest it. And just look at him now!

Robinson's 'patent' Barley

FREE SAMPLE or "STEPS TO HEALTH" booklet on care of Infants, sent on receipt of 2½d. to cover postage and packing. Send 5d. if both required. Keen, Robinson & Co. Ltd., Dept. DE. 122, Norwich.

CVS-122

An audition in your own home



FREE

Radio sets grow old. Tone quality and sensitivity deteriorate so gradually that the ear is deceived . . . until you hear your old set working side-by-side with a modern, high efficiency set. NOW IS YOUR CHANCE! You can have a new K-B in your own home for a few days free of charge and free of obligation. Compare it with your old set . . . try it on British . . . Continental . . . American . . . Australian programmes. Hear the difference for yourself.

FREE TRIAL IN YOUR OWN HOME

K-B

K-B Authorized Dealers are nearly everywhere. If you live within the radius of one, the coupon will bring you a brand-new K-B superhet to test in your own home.

COUPON *I would like to test a new K-B free of charge in my own home.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....31

To Kolster-Brandes Limited, Footscray, Sidcup, Kent.

THE RADIO CHOSEN FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH & QUEEN MARY

EMIGRATE to CANADA by AIR

HERE is a splendid opportunity for those who plan to emigrate to Canada. Air passage to Canada, at a specially reduced fare, is now offered by the Canadian Government to immigrants and their families. Service is fast and frequent in 40-passenger "North Star" sky liners — powered by 4 Rolls-Royce engines.

£72 (or $290) From London or Prestwick to Montreal or Toronto

Special low fares for Children

SPACE AVAILABLE NOW

For further details consult your TRAVEL AGENT or

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ONTARIO: 159, ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW
ONTARIO: CANADA CLUB, LEITH WALK, PILRIG, EDINBURGH

There's sure delight for the critical palate — and rich refreshment for weariness — in the superb quality of this mellow, heartening stout.

MACKESON'S STOUT sets you up wonderfully

For he-men

who are tough around here!

A chap can be tough; bite iron bars in half, crack walnuts one-handed and all that. But he's entitled to pamper himself when shaving — without losing face!

There's no advantage in maltreating the old mug with the punishing technique which probably gave Sweeney Todd his ideas while still a lisping lad. Life's tough enough already without sticking your chin out, as it were, for more!

Coro-shave does away with brush and lather. Instead, you merely — (1) *Wet face*, (2) *Smear on Coro-shave — thinly*, (3) *SHAVE! 3 minutes only* — if you don't potter!

Pat in any remaining flecks of creamy, soothing Coro-shave. You can then sneer (if you're that ill-bred) at any attempts by winter wind or scorching sun to mar or chap the smooth, sleek ensemble! *Try Coro-shave* — go on!

Coro-shave In jars and tubes

THE MODERN BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

COS 148J-1160 CROWN PERFUMERY CO. LTD., ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX

FREE FOR THE CHILDREN!

A lovely Xmas gift

A well-built model house, 12 x 7 x 6 inches, complete with garden, tree, chimney and fence—free when you buy—

10 MAGIC PRODUCTS for mother and the home

including Slipcotize Floor and Furniture Polish; Slipcofoam Soap Substitute for washing woollies, nylons and smalls; Slipfix for repairing broken crockery; Mop Oil, and six other home products.

Packed complete in Gift House for **12/6** (The standard price of the contents)

If your local shop does not stock it, please write to us—we will post one by return

SLIP PRODUCTS COMPANY LTD., COOMBE BRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.20

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London
NOVEMBER 13, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2211

Be Honest About Steel

THE DEBATES on the Iron and Steel Bill will make only two things quite clear to the British public—that the Labour Government wants the industry to be nationalised and that the Conservative opposition doesn't. The rest is still a cause of confusion and bewilderment to a great many people who have not grasped the real facts behind the dispute.

Yet this is the greatest political and economic battle of our time, and it was never more important that a well-informed public opinion should endorse the final verdict of Parliament.

Consider the vital arguments on each side.

The Conservatives point to the record-breaking steel output as proof that there is no justification for changing the existing control and ownership.

The Government says that because steel is vital to the welfare of almost all the main industries on which our future prosperity depends, an end must be made to the system under which production was artificially restricted and prices kept up in the interests of private profit.

None of the other arguments can be half as important as these two. Yet neither is quite fairly presented. The advocates of nationalisation are inclined to shut their eyes to the inevitable difficulties of making sweeping changes at a time of rising output. The opposition, on the other hand, is suspiciously—we might almost say guiltily—silent about the industry's past record as a monopoly.

We appeal to both sides to be honest about this vital matter. It is bigger than party politics. It affects the whole future of every man, woman and child in this country.

Labour on the Land

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST-EVER potato harvest is this week at last safely in. Yet, because of lack of seasonal labour, the safety of the housewife's potato supplies has been touch and go.

On some farms in the past few weeks, eight or ten workers have had to do the work of twenty.

The farm men and the volunteers who have fought to get the potatoes in before winter frost and flood ruined a large part of the crop deserve full thanks. Their effort has been an example to all of us.

But one lesson remains: now that Britain is planning giant potato harvests we certainly need, as well as ample crops, ample seasonal labour to handle them.

Farmers themselves are already talking with optimism about a potato brigade which would start work on the Cornish "earlies" and finish the season handling the huge Lincolnshire harvest.

The brigade would carry with it, as it moved from district to district, the most modern machinery.

Here is a way to lick manpower difficulties with a little planning and brain power—an idea that might well be applied to other agricultural crops which will continue to need tens of thousands of seasonal helpers if Britain is to keep on feeding a large part of her own people from her own fields.

"Waste" Worth Saving

THE AMOUNT OF waste food collected in cities for pig feeding is falling off badly. Last month, for instance, we collected about ten thousand tons less than we did in the same month four years ago. This means that 120,000 fewer pigs can be fed from home waste. A serious discrepancy.

Housewives who in the war years patriotically sorted out scraps and took them to the waste food bin have become tired of the walk. To get them interested and co-operative again, why not tell them how valuable their help is and make it easier for them to save?

Each woman running a kitchen of her own should be encouraged to keep a handy individual scrap bin. One London borough already sends out specially lidded containers to housewives. As a result their waste collections are now three times as large as previously.

It is a disgrace that each person in the country is still estimated to throw away in dustbins about two pounds of food a week. Properly collected, that's enough to feed back the country's existing 1,500,000 pigs to the prewar figure of 4,500,000.

It is time all local councils started a fresh drive on this waste food front.

Patriotism Isn't Dead

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY this Armistice week a score of public appeals will be made for the 30,000 officers and men now needed in the Territorial Army.

Because recruiting figures are disappointing, people are asking if patriotism died during the last war.

No, of course not. Some reasons for the present reluctance to join the Terriers may be found in the lack of a new policy which will capture men's imagination and arouse real enthusiasm.

Another trouble is possibly the misconception that the next war, should it come, will be "one big bang" without much need for foot sloggers. The average fellow, his ears filled with all the talk of the past few years about "atomic war," has begun to think that war might be a matter of days or weeks.

But what are the facts? Military experts, from Montgomery of Britain to Eisenhower of U.S.A., as well as scientists, say that, despite atom bombs, a long-drawn-out and bitter struggle, involving millions-strong land armies, would be inevitable if war ever came.

It need not come—that must be our thought this Armistice week. But the best insurance policy against such a war, *at any time*, still happens to be a strong Territorial force. And that's the best reason for listening to the recruiting appeals with an open mind.

A DELICIOUS WAY TO GET

2 hours' steady nourishment

Four big fingers, each one made of crisp wafer sandwich thickly covered with luscious milk chocolate. Marvellous! And this particular type of chocolate produces a *slower* absorption of sugar—which gives you longer staying power—so that's why we call Kit Kat the biggest little meal in Britain. It gives you energy *and* staying power.

The biggest little meal in Britain

See what I've got!

Orchids? It's rare and precious Nescafé she's pleased about. Nescafé gives you a grand cup of coffee in an instant. Just put a spoonful in the cup, then add near-boiling water; no grounds, no bother. And it's always good, for that roaster-fresh aroma is sealed in until you add water.

Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Nice day—

for cheerful livers!

Every day is a sunny day—if your system is clean and clear from poisons. A glass of Eno sees to that, first thing in the morning. It's a cheerful drink, itself!

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

2/3 and 3/11 a bottle (tax included)

HEAR-there & anywhere

Take the magic of full-tone music IN MINIATURE wherever you go! Superb performance and practical portability (size merely 6½ x 4½ x 3¾ ins.) make this 4-valve superhet the ideal radio for travelling, open air, bedside. Medium waveband 200-560 metres; concealed aerial; obtainable in range of lovely pastel colours; complete with batteries . . .

Price **£10.10.0**
Purchase Tax £2.4.11

Personal Portable

CHAMPIONETTE

Product of the CHAMPION ELECTRIC CORPORATION Seaford . . Sussex . . England

Makers of the 'Venus' and the 'Comet.'

Take DCL and you'll be well!

D.C.L. YEAST is a safe but exceedingly powerful tonic and energiser. Each little tablet pours into your system 100 Units of vitalising natural Vitamin B_1—many times more than any other natural product.

D.C.L. YEAST FEEDS BODY AND BRAIN

It cleanses and invigorates the blood. It fortifies the nerves. It makes you brimful of energy. Start taking this powerful tonic yeast today and take it every day. Give it to the children, too, it will do them a world of good. But be sure you get the right yeast—the powerful yeast—D.C.L.—it costs a little more because it gives so much more.

insist on **DCL** *Vitamin B1* **YEAST TABLETS**

FROM ALL CHEMISTS, 100 TABLETS 3/9, 50 TABLETS 2/3

Dinner's ready

Amateur mechanics needn't panic if the wife has a tin of Movie handy! The Universal Cleaner paste that contains glycerine to keep hands soft and white. Save soap . . . buy a 1/- tin today!

clean up with

Peter Lunt PRODUCTS

For those who prefer a Cleaner in powder form our Movie Powderclene is incomparable. 9d. large Canister.

THE BED-TIME SWEET

FOX'S *Glacier* MINTS

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SOOTHING · SUSTAINING · DIGESTIVE

All the Best!

Best **TERMS** · *Best* **VALUES**
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AMAZING **RADIO OFFER** SETS DELIVERED FREE **NO DEPOSIT*** and 2 years to pay

Post Now! FOR FURTHER BARGAINS & ADDRESS OF NEAREST BRANCH

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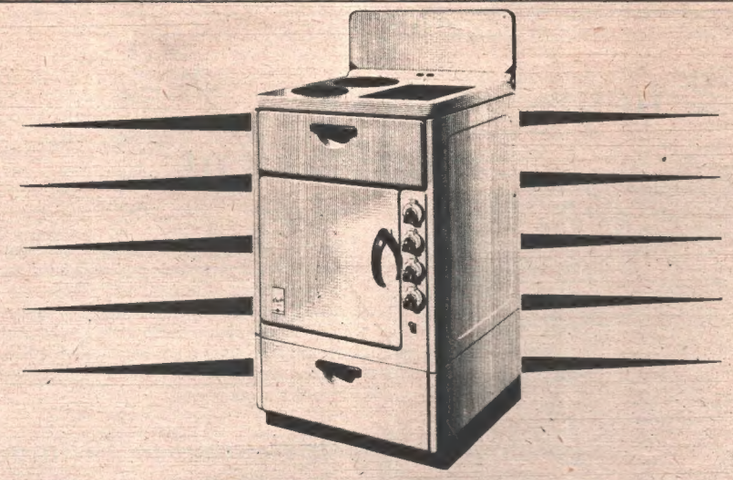
TAX-FREE **13/6** WEEKLY

CASH PRICE £66.8.9
Finely figured veneered **WALNUT 4ft. BEDROOM SUITE**
BEDSTEAD TO MATCH CAN BE SUPPLIED

Jas Woodhouse (THE BRITISH & COLONIAL FURNITURE CO. LTD.) & Son
150-158 HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.8 Phone: Western 2231/2
MANCHESTER: 42 Deansgate

BATHJOYS
REGD.

Reckitt's Bath Cubes always were a joy, and now they are renamed BATHJOYS. What other word could sum up their gift of changing plain water to soft liquid silk that rests and renews you all over; that turns you out joyously fragrant and fresh!



This is the cooker that cook built!

Consultations with women's organisations all over the country taught us what housewives considered was needed to make the perfect electric cooker. With all the facts to hand, our kitchen planning experts got down to the job, and here is the result—the new Creda—the cooker built to the specifications of the cook!

ELECTRIC Creda COOKERS

THE BEST AT EVERY POINT

Ask for particulars from your Electricity Supply Showrooms or Electrical Retailer

Simplex Electric Co Ltd Oldbury Birmingham and Branches A COMPANY

Live YOUR DREAMS
...with
Californian Poppy
Alone with him 'neath their private moon, her fingers rapturously clasped in his, she is *living* her favourite dream in the enchanting fragrance of Californian Poppy Perfume.
ROUGE
BLONDE OR BRUNETTE
IN ATTRACTIVE COMPACTS 1/2
REFILLS 10½d
PERFUME FROM 2'4½
CAL 92-1160

If he's a kitchen ranger

YOU'LL BE GLAD OF GLEE

on washing day!

The No. 1 soap powder in the red and yellow packet.
Large 8½d. Small 4½d. J. Bibby & Sons Limited, Liverpool

VEL GETS RID OF OVEN GREASE

In the NEW HANDY tin

Get VEL from your SCOURINE dealer

TOO OLD AT FORTY?

by HARRY HOPKINS

It's a question many middle-aged folk are asking these days. Employers don't seem anxious for them. Yet there are signs of a change of heart

He broke Paris-London air record: test pilot J. "Mutt" Summers, aged forty-four, kissed by wife and daughter

"OF COURSE," said Henry, "we don't do so badly. We're living on my capital. It's not a very comfortable feeling, but we don't starve. But that's not the point. . . ."

He ran an impatient finger through his greying hair. "You see I've always had a busy life. It's this hanging around doing nothing that gets me down. Feeling you're not pulling your weight, that you don't fit in: that's what hurts." He pulled a face disgustedly. "Can you beat it? On the shelf at forty-five!"

How different it had been with him before the war came! This pleasant house in a West Country town was a heritage of that period when Henry "X" had been the energetic manager of a thriving export-import business, with a four-figure salary. It had been a well-earned prosperity. He'd started out as a clerk with a firm of food manufacturers at £150 a year. Ten years later he was the firm's area manager. He had a staff of three hundred. He was a disciple of Efficiency: every minute of his day was planned. He was going places.

The war put a stop to that, killed the export-import business almost overnight. Henry took his business ability to one of the multiplying departments of the Ministry of Food. Later still he transferred it to the R.A.F., as a wing commander on the equipment side in the Far East.

No man was more impatient for demob than he. Industry would be expanding and, though his old firm was a victim of wartime concentration, he believed that trained professional managers such as he would be at a premium in the New Britain. At the Appointments Office at Bristol the impressive roll of his qualifications and experience was entered upon the Register to be placed at the disposal of the employers of Britain.

First Faint Misgivings

When offers seemed to be a bit slow coming in he was not unduly discouraged. He began to run his eye down the Sits. Vac. columns in *The Times* and *Telegraph* every day. It was then that he had his first faint misgivings—roused by three small words that cropped up in the ads. with monotonous regularity. The three small words were: "Not Over Forty."

Henry wrote crisp, capable letters, not asking too much. After the first twenty-three letters, he got one reply that was more than a formal acknowledgement. His qualifications, said the firm, were excellent. Indeed just what they needed. And then, in the second paragraph, were the words that were to become bitterly familiar . . . "unfortunately . . . our age limit . . . hard to fit you in at present. . . ."

Rarely indeed did Henry get as far as an interview. It was that, he told me, that was the hardest to take. If only they'd see him before turning him down he wouldn't have minded so much. It was being written off like that, automatically, as "too old." It was as if someone had suddenly flung up a high blank wall across his life and he could do nothing about it.

After eighteen months of it, Henry still hadn't given up. But now, if by some chance an employer did ask to see him, he no longer walked in with quite the same confident tread. His faith in himself was slipping. They said he was too old—and he was beginning to feel too old. He was beginning to go to pieces. . . . What was worse, he knew it.

At forty-five, a spare, lithe, energetic forty-five, he was experiencing something of the tragedy of old age. He felt alone, unwanted and weary.

He was not, in fact, alone. There were

Snags over-forties must face: young bosses who want young men under them; pensions schemes; adaptability

in Britain many like him. His misfortune is not the misfortune of an individual but of a large group. His tragedy is not the tragedy of *all* time, but a tragedy of *these* times.

Listed with Henry on the Register of the Appointments Office at Bristol this summer were between 350 and 400 other "over-forties" with equally impressive qualifications. Many, a few years ago, were earning four-figure salaries.

They included, for instance, a fifty-year-old £3,000 a year ex-financial director of a printing and publishing firm; a forty-nine year old managing director of an engineering firm with a labour force of 2,000; a widely travelled fifty-three year old manager of a cotton manufacturing firm.

Certainly, some of them were unadaptable types. But for every one of these there were several others whose only anxiety was to get back into harness, to be of *use* again. One over-forty, an ex-officer with a distinguished record, wrote to 146 separate companies without success.

Daily, others comb through the classified advertisement columns of the newspapers and professional Press. It is not an encouraging exercise. Out of twenty-eight advertisements in one such column recently, fifteen barred all applicants over forty. Some advertisers put their trust in thirty-four as an age-limit; others preferred thirty-seven or thirty-eight.

Experienced at Thirty?

One firm, for instance, wanted an engineer-buyer, *aged about thirty*, who "must be fully conversant with comprehensive range of heavy and light engineering plant . . . also experience of light metal industry. . . ."

The British Council was looking for a lecturer on British institutions "*between twenty-eight and forty.*"

Some "large, progressive designers of office recording methods" sought a "sales representative, *twenty-four to forty.*"

An oil company wanted a power plant engineer "with experience of both steam and electric side turbo generation and problems connected therewith. *Age twenty-eight to forty.*"

What is it that makes these age qualifications so important? Does a lecturer on British institutions become unsound at forty-one? How does an engineer-buyer contrive to have all that experience by the time he's thirty (taking a world war in his stride)? A power plant engineer, no doubt, would be too decrepit to get around his engine houses at forty-two?

Very often, my investigations have shown, the employers' first answer is another question, a suspicious question. What is a man of high-grade administrative or technical ability doing drifting about looking for a job at the age of forty? If by that time such a man is not firmly on the upper rungs of the executive ladder, surely, reason the employers, there is something wrong with him somewhere.

In normal times that might be fair enough. But these are far from normal times. These men have not fallen down on their jobs; their jobs have fallen down on them—through wartime concentrations, raw material shortages, controls, the massive adjustments of reconstruction. Others, who have run areas as large as some European countries, have been cast adrift by our withdrawal from India and Burma.

Where its young men are concerned, the nation has recognized the problem, set out to bridge the gaps in war-disrupted careers with a hundred training and aid schemes. But for these men caught by the war in their middle thirties—just when they were beginning to cash in on years of hard work—little has been done. Too often they have, to their amazement, found themselves marked men, suspected, put-off, written-off . . . "too old at forty."

Other employers attempt to justify their age bars, reasonably enough, by saying that they like to have their executives grow up with them. They doubted whether older men would adapt themselves, absorb the unique spirit of their organizations. (The adaptability many thousands of middle-aged men and women showed in war plants is easily forgotten.)

Older—but Junior

Then, because war quickened the pace of promotion, executives tend to be younger. Young men appoint young men. And where seniors do the appointing there is apt to be a gnawing doubt in their minds: How would B, who is forty-five, get along working under young C, who is twenty-eight?

Some of the firms most inflexible in their age bars are among the best in British industry. Such firms are proud of their wage standards and their welfare systems. "Over-forties" disturb the nice actuarial balance of superannuation schemes. Probably to the man himself the job is more important than either the pay level or the prospect of a pension. But the good firm will not risk having the finger of criticism pointed at it.

Once again, it is: "Sorry, we're afraid it will be difficult to fit you in."

So it is that the Sits. Vac. column's "not over forty" becomes as automatic a phrase as the "all mod. con." of the house ads., automatic—and heartbreaking.

It is, of course, very natural that a firm seeking to fill an important position should wish to minimize the risk of making a mistake. But is there any reason to believe that a man of thirty-five cannot be just as inadaptable, slow and unreliable as a man of forty-five? Whatever its justification in the past, in the conditions of today is it not clear that "not over forty" is a thoughtless and cruel fetish, frittering away the nation's human resources?

In that belief a number of Ministry of Labour officials and business men recently met to launch a campaign to get a fair deal for the "over-forties." A letter was circulated to all chambers of commerce. Officials rang up employers to ask whether they would at least see men over the age limits. The superannuation problem is being studied. In Bristol, employers and over-forties went to the microphone to explain their difficulties.

Says G. E. T. Whiting, regional appointments officer: "We aren't asking any special treatment for these men. All we say to employers is: Don't rule out a man automatically. Give him an interview. Judge for yourself."

From an experience of hundreds of cases, Whiting believes that generalizations about characteristics to be found at certain ages are totally unsound. Athletic prowess may decline after thirty, but few employers are engaging athletes, and mental vigour and resource follow no rules. Some men are old at twenty; others are young at sixty.

"Many over-forties are quite realistic," says Whiting. "They don't want only the top jobs, or insist on high pay. Some have just another ten years or so to work and they are not looking for promotion. They don't mind reporting to younger men. But they want to be *used*. They've got the right outlook."

Not far away from Whiting's appointments office in one of Bristol's stately Georgian squares I talked to one of his converts, a young engineering employer. "I'd been pretty mixed up about this thing," he said. But he'd taken on two over-forties, and he'd been "amazed" by the results. He'd worked out for himself a new rule: When considering a man for a job, subtract at least six years from his age, the lost years of the war.

"Except for the few people who really absorb Service ideas," he said, "army life does not make a man more inflexible. Quite the reverse."

Ten Vital Years

Backing the Bristol campaign for a new deal for the over-forties is a vigorous over-fifty, W. R. Gibbons, head of a firm of wholesale food distributors and last year's president of the chamber of commerce.

"Can't teach an old dog new tricks?" roars Gibbons, balancing on his chair. "An old dog? At forty! Personally I consider that I learned more between forty and fifty than in all the years before. Anyway the thing that matters today is not so much having the latest technical ideas, but applying what we have, getting the whole organization to work together. For that task, a man over forty, more mature, more stable, coming perhaps to a new industry unprejudiced by preconceived ideas from the past, has a lot to offer.

"I'm pretty keen on this," he added. "It's a problem we just have to accept. After all, where should we have been without many of these men during the war years . . .?"

Today the teletypes linking the Ministry of Labour's network of appointments offices are tapping out better news for the over-forties. Whether the Ministry's campaign is getting home, or manpower shortages are forcing employers' hands, there are signs that the age bars are lifting.

In Bristol, a firm of shipping agents, starting up a new branch, calls for a young man who will "get around." A man of over fifty gets the job. In Birmingham, the appointments office places one fifty-six year old in a first-class job at £750 a year, a fifty-eight year old at £500; even finds a job for a retired lawyer, over seventy.

And in the Sits. Vac. columns strange new ads. begin to appear, stirring almost forgotten hopes in the legion of the lost. "Senior agent . . . *age immaterial*. . . ." "Factory shop manager, *age forty-five to fifty*. . . ." "Secretary to managing director, age thirty to forty, *not younger*. . . ."

Civil Service, Too

Whitehall itself is setting an example, the Treasury relaxing its rule against the establishment of permanent civil servants over the age of fifty.

And that, today, is no more than common sense. Forty per cent of the population of the United Kingdom of working age, 13,000,000 men and women, are between the ages of forty and sixty. Even in normal times, in the nature of things, that massive sector of our people contains the greater part of our resources of experience and ability. In 1948 we are more than ever dependent upon it because the war years have robbed the younger men of the extensive industrial experience they would otherwise have had.

Could anything be more short-sighted, then, than to write-off large portions of this precious national asset of experience because of a strange, totally unsubstantiated doctrine that a man becomes old and worn-out after the age of forty?

What would have happened had the "not over forty" rule been consistently applied? Montgomery could never have led the Eighth Army to victory, for he was fifty-four when the command became vacant. Bernard Shaw would hardly have been heard of—for he wrote all his great plays after forty. Roosevelt would never have been President of the United States (which he became at fifty-one), nor William Booth leader of the Salvation Army, which he founded at forty-nine.

Cabinet Wouldn't be In

The Labour Cabinet would, without exception, have been unable to take office in 1945, and Sir Stafford Cripps, who became our economic dictator at fifty-eight, would not be available to save the nation from financial disaster.

In the field of hard physical action there is J. "Mutt" Summers, Vickers' test pilot, who broke the Paris-London air record in July in a little over thirty-four minutes. He is forty-four.

Today, thanks to shorter hours and better working conditions, thanks to medical and nutritional science and healthier modes of living, the band of years in which experience and vitality overlap is being steadily widened.

How foolish to throw away all this with a stupid, out-dated slogan like "too old at forty."

M.P.s keep fit in Parliamentary gym. From left, M. Lipton, W. Ayles, G. House, N. Dodds, H. Austin, H. Hynd. All over forty except Austin

THE U.S. PUZZLE

by ORMUS DAVENPORT

Exactly why is it that the prophets of an easy Dewey win proved so wildly wrong?

Dewey and wife (left) get big pre-election hand. Public acclaim is one thing, voters' decision another

AS TRUMAN HAD predicted, the Presidential election result in the United States reddened the face of every political observer and poll-taker. How is it that the voting so completely confounded the experts who had confidently foretold a Democratic defeat?

The clue to the puzzle lies on the surface of American life. It is a feature of the American make-up which Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish sociologist, has labelled the "American Dilemma": an almost schizophrenic thought-action process which makes the American the most unpredictable human being on the face of the earth.

Take a sample voter in Buffalo, New York State, my own home town. Perhaps my father.

Davenport senior has been a life-long Republican, but he often votes a split ticket, casting a ballot for a personal acquaintance in the Democratic camp running for Congress or the State Legislature.

Business is Good

He lives about five miles out of town, in the Central Park section, where the houses are substantial and trim. He runs a moderate-sized food brokerage business, and business has been wonderful ever since Dewey became Governor of New York State.

Of course, there was a war on about that time, too, and Herbert Lehmann had left Dewey a sizable surplus in the State Treasury with which to play—a point which has not escaped my father's attention.

Davenport senior gets up early every morning — around seven thirty. He shaves, gulps down a cup of hot coffee while he scans the morning paper (thirty-two pages) for the most interesting headlines and makes a point of reading the comic strips before he leaves for the office. He works hard, taking half an hour for lunch.

He runs a late-model car, belongs to the Kiwanis Club and the Central Park Business Men's Club. He is a trifle overweight, and wears glasses when he reads.

He has two children, both married, with tiny-tot problems of their own. His wife belongs to the Martha Washington Women's Republican Club, and is an ardent Dewey supporter.

Davenport senior tries hard to see both sides to a question, but he has set attitudes about Communists in particular and Europeans in general. He feels friendly towards Britain, but is always disturbed by pictures of the Royal Family or a judge in a wig and gown. He does not like the use of titles, but, for all that, falls for anything which bears a label composed of a crown or a coat of arms.

He favours the principle of trade unionism, but, being a contractor, cannot think of a trade union of which he approves. He ardently believes in peace, but thinks a preventive war while the U.S. has an atom-bomb monopoly might be wise.

He is sometimes stirred by the sight of his city's slums, but heartily rejects the thought of public housing. He has no use for socialized medicine, but unfailingly curses the size of his doctor's and dentist's bills. In fact, he once wrote his dentist a sweet note: "I don't mind you raising the money for a new car, Joe, but why soak me for the whole amount? Enclosed is my contribution: I don't mind paying for one of the tyres."

My father believes fervently in equality of opportunity and that no one in the world should starve. He will defend to the death the system known as private enterprise and has doubts about the advantages of foreign aid when he reads about nationalisation in Britain or the black market in France.

He is a gregarious individual, open and honest in his dealings with others, but a shrewd man in business. He thinks prices are too high and profits too big, but he has just raised his own commission fees—and his own bank account—another notch.

The Women's Man

I do not know for sure how Davenport senior voted in the election—and I would not like to stake my life on it one way or the other. But I do know he has never felt really attracted to Dewey.

Men are inclined to dislike Dewey for the very reason that makes their womenfolk worship him. To the men, Dewey is too perfect. He has no nice normal faults. He is sanctimoniously religious. His hair is never tousled, his clothes never dirty, his trousers never bag.

To the women, Dewey seems a model husband and father. To the men, a prudish boy scout.

Just after Roosevelt died, Davenport senior was solidly behind Harry Truman —for about one month.

But Harry Truman tried to keep taxes up and vetoed the Taft-Hartley Labour Act, and went around talking like a man with a hole in his head and Wallace at his heels.

Dewey, on the other hand, uttered thousands and thousands of gorgeous glittering generalities, committing himself to virtually nothing and no one, while seeming to promise everything to everyone.

To Davenport senior, perhaps, Dewey meant a change of faces in Washington and fresh new names in the headlines.

Dewey also meant the "grand clean-up." Republicans since the days of Lincoln have prided themselves on efficient, tidy régimes. They claim that sixteen years of Democrat rule have been marked by cluttered government bureaux and widespread patronage, and their cry has been for a streamlined executive. Dewey, the former racket-buster, seemed to them just the boy to do the job.

Republicans Have Learned

Davenport senior, if he cast his vote for Dewey, would have done so expecting businesslike decisions, taken after consultation with men who know the effect upon sound economy of domestic and foreign commitments.

Sixteen years in the political wilderness have taught the Republican Party a good many things. Back in the halcyon days of Calvin Coolidge, while the United States was riding the crest of the boom that followed the first World War, the Republicans stood for isolationism, for high protective tariffs, for big business at the expense of the little businessman and the worker.

The era of Franklin Roosevelt forced some tremendous changes in the Republican Party line. Wendell Willkie made the first grand moves, and Harold Stassen and Thomas Dewey followed. The Old Guard—men like Governor Bricker and Senator Taft — lost influence to the younger element, until the tail began to wag the old dog rather vigorously.

During the election, Dewey stood committed to extending and improving the social security and public health programmes, to agricultural price props and reciprocal trade agreements—and to a lively interest in the affairs of the world.

In spite of his indifferent record of labour relations, he signed the first-class Fair Employment Practices Act that barred discriminatory hiring, greatly reduced the effects of racial segregation in New York State, promoted an efficient veteran's bonus programme, and set up a department to help women launch their own businesses.

Americans, however, are basically sportsmen, and Davenport senior watched with interest as Truman, the little fighting Missouri cockerel, leaped into the Presidential arena with some burning, telling sarcasm, heaped coals on the Republican record in Congress, and then threw the punch from which Mr. Dewey and his inherited Republican Congressmen never really fully recovered. Truman recalled the eightieth Congress into special session and asked them to pass legislation on housing, on price controls, on civil rights.

Davenport senior, I know, was impressed by Truman's manoeuvre with the eightieth Congress, and a bit chagrined that the Republicans should do so little to deflect criticism. He was also, as the campaign drew to a close, more than a little upset by the fact that Harry Truman's opponents—from the Wallaceites and the Dixiecrats to the big city bosses and the Republican Party—did so much kicking and undignified backbiting. The Press and the opposition candidates succeeded in making Truman look like a dog being publicly whipped in the streets, and most Americans react violently against kicking a man when he's down.

Middle of the Road

Davenport senior and the others like him are called the "voting balance." They are the middle-of-the-roaders, and on their early reactions to the candidates, the pollsters and the political experts based their wild conclusions about a Democratic defeat.

Perhaps Davenport senior did vote for Dewey, as he had intended at the start of the campaign. But perhaps, as he walked into the polling booth, he had a vision of another ordinary guy trying hard to combine a sense of the liberal with a sense of the practical, and perhaps he split his ticket again.

"There goes that disgusting girl!" declared Mrs. McNairn. Connie looked up to see Nadia walking towards the bungalow with a swinging gait

The jacaranda tree

by H. E. BATES

First instalment of a brilliant new novel of which John Bull has secured exclusive serial rights. *The Jacaranda Tree* is a Book Society Choice—the third successive novel by H. E. Bates to have this honour

As PATERSON'S BOY Tuesday ran across the compound, day came up in long bars of orange and rose that faded almost at once across the violet line of mountains. Light became tender yellow on the dust, shining into a pale coffee face that had something of the look of a handsome monkey with a perpetual smile.

The boy was dressed in a pair of white-duck shorts and a faded football jersey of quarter colours that many washings had bleached to salmon and brown, and he carried under his arm a small radio set not much larger than a tea caddy.

He carried the radio set close against his face, not only as if it were very prized and very wonderful, but also as if he were listening for some sound to come out of it. His flat brown eyes seemed profoundly to trust that it would. It did not occur to him that it could ever be otherwise. Paterson had given him the set and it was impossible that anything that Paterson did could not be right.

It was inconceivable that Paterson could not be trusted. Paterson had also given him the football jersey and the white-duck shorts, and these simple things, together with Paterson himself and the boy's elder sister, the girl whom Paterson called Nadia, were all he possessed in the world. No other boy in Burma possessed such things. No other boy ever could.

Paterson's bungalow stood with its back to the river, facing the plain of rice-fields, parched sulphur yellow now in the dry season, and far beyond them the low violet horseshoe of mountains. At the back of it grew a small plantation of pineapples and a group of papaia trees and a belt of wild bananas. Drooping brilliant leaves waved dustily against dry bamboos that screened off the corrugated-iron roofing of the rice mill and the long cane basha where Paterson distributed payments to his Burmese workers in kind, mostly rice, every Sunday.

Now, at the beginning of the hot season, in March, the entire bungalow was like a house of flame. It was consumed and almost hidden by masses of salmon and crimson bougainvillea that flowed down the roof and dripped over the white veranda like suspended brilliant fire. In front and to the sides of the house lay the compound, a quadrangle of dust where no grass grew and where small fiery jungle fowl sometimes came out to dust themselves in the evening and after the heat of the day.

The previous manager, Davidson, had made a garden there: a circle of mown grass, with fringes of heliotrope and gerbera daisy, mauve and pink and orange, beside long lines of sweet pea and martial scarlet and orange cannas in a central bed. Boys had watered the grass in the evenings and jungle fowl had scratched on it like little arrogant gilded scarlet toys.

But Paterson did not seem to care for gardens and nothing now remained of it except, in the centre, a jacaranda tree that Mrs. Davidson had planted. It had begun to blossom now with drops of bright-blue flower among masses of tender pinnate leaves, and its fresh brilliance had the effect of making the dust seem dead. And purely out of habit the boy lifted his free hand to touch the branches as he passed. He missed them by two inches.

The smile faded for a moment from his face and then came back, immensely cheerful, as he went into the house. In the kitchen he filled the kettle for tea and began quickly to prepare a tray. It was a quarter to five. Paterson must be woken at five. Paterson would take the tea without milk, with two slices of green lime and a lump of sugar and as many aspirins as the day, or the night before, demanded. One aspirin was mere ritual; two were not serious; but after three the boy was never sure. Standing by Paterson's bed, folding the mosquito net, smiling, very cheerful, he would wait for Paterson to throw the cup at his head.

After that the day was very simple. He would lay out Paterson's ducks, his shirt and his shoes. Paterson would go down to the early shift at the rice mill. The boy would clean the dining-room and lay breakfast; Paterson would return and lie back in the long cane chair so that the boy could kneel silently and smilingly before him and take off his shoes. Above

Paterson's urgent summons broke the spell of easy-going Burma. Now it was time for flight

all, Paterson would do most captivating things with the preselective buttons of the radio set.

To the boy these things were wonderful. In a second he could hear the strange, far voices, the music, the news of war that came from London and Rangoon. And as he stood dutifully and smilingly by Paterson's table, serving bacon and eggs, the iced papaia that Paterson loved, the tea with lime, the small sweet green bananas and the toast and marmalade, he could conceive of only one thing that could delight him more. It was that Paterson should allow him to wait at table in his shirt.

This shirt was a discarded evening shirt of Paterson's that covered the boy like a surplice. It had about it a sort of comic holiness. And when it came out, on great and important occasions, the boy felt the wearing of it to be something more than an event. It seemed to make him grow.

If he desired anything more than this it was to hear voices in the rejected radio set that Paterson had thrown away and was now his own. Every evening, in his own hut of bamboo and palm-frond across the compound, he laboriously took the set to pieces in the light of a paper-shaded candle and then laboriously put it together again. Every evening he listened and waited. Nothing had so far happened to break the silence and bring the voices and the music to him as they were brought to Paterson, but he did not doubt that, in time, if he were patient, something would.

The bungalow was two storeyed, opening on to sleeping verandas back and front. The nights were still cool enough for Paterson to sleep inside.

On the upper back veranda slept the boy's sister. Ever since the day the boy had first brought her to the house, Paterson had called her Nadia, partly because it was a name he liked, partly because he could not bother with Burmese names, beautiful though they were.

In the same way he called the boy Tuesday: because that, too, was simpler and because Tuesday was the day he had walked in, dead beat and smiling, from the country somewhere east of Shwebo.

"Patson, sir," the boy whispered. "Patson, Patson, sir."

He stood at the side of Paterson's bed, looking down on Paterson embalmed under the white mosquito net.

"Patson, sir," he said. "Patson, sir. Tea."

WHEN Paterson stirred at the fifth or sixth call he sat straight upright, as if something had hit him. It was the moment for which the boy was always ready and yet in a way, from one morning to another, never really sure. And now he stood transfixed and smiling, again like a small handsome cream-faced monkey, waiting for Paterson's first act of the day.

It astonished him terrifically when it came. Paterson pushed back the single sheet and blanket which covered him and got straight out of bed. The boy could remember nothing of the kind ever happening before. He did not move. With the unbroken and unsurprised smile on his face he watched Paterson walk three times across the bedroom.

Sometimes Paterson, huge and dark, seemed to the boy no less than ten feet tall. And now, as he strode across to the window to stare briefly out at the sun, already brassy and clear above the north-eastern cloud of hills, and back again to pour out his own tea, he seemed unbelievably gigantic because the boy was unprepared for what was going to happen next. He had just time to notice that Paterson had not even touched the aspirins when Paterson astonished him again.

He came over to the boy and ran one hand through his hair. The enormous hand seemed for a moment as if it would pluck the cream-black skull from the little shoulders and throw it jovially away. For a second the boy's heart began beating very fast and his smile widened to the edges of terror.

"Tuesday!" Paterson said.

"Yes, sir. Yes, Patson, sir."

"Tuesday, things are happening. Understand that?"

"Yes, sir." He smiled and did not understand.

"The war is getting bad, Tuesday. Things are happening."

"Yes, sir. Yes, Patson."

"I want you to go over to Betteson sir with a chit. See?"

"Yes, sir. Getting breakfast now."

THE boy made a very swift sliding movement over to the door before Paterson could stop him.

"Don't worry about breakfast!" Paterson said. "Over to Betteson sir, now."

"Yes, sir," the boy said. "No breakfast?"

"Let Nadia get it. Come up in five minutes for the chit to Betteson. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, Patson."

"All right. And brush your hair!"

Then the boy saw another astonishing thing. Paterson was dressing. He had not taken the aspirins.

The tall, athletic bulk of Paterson pushed itself into the corner wardrobe and remained there for a moment, half-submerged, before reappearing with a pair of clean duck trousers.

He waved them at the boy.

"Get on, for God's sake! The whole damn war is coming down on top of us!"

And then the boy knew that Paterson was not joking. Always until now he had gauged the temper of Paterson by the number of aspirins Paterson took. It had not occurred to him that there could be a kind of temper that arose from the taking of no aspirins at all. For a moment it almost baffled him. Yet the smile did not go from his face. It remained, in the second before he dived out of the room, as serene and broad as ever, supremely trustful, the brown eyes flattened outward as if Paterson were really joking after all.

Downstairs in the kitchen Tuesday cut slices of iced papaia and laid the orange quarter-moons of fruit, frosty with juice, in a glass dish, dusting them lightly with sugar. It was Paterson's favourite fruit; he knew how Paterson liked it. Nadia might lay the table and even fry the eggs and bacon; she might even pour the tea, but the cutting and sugaring of a papaia was for him alone to do. It contained all the essence of his devotion to the huge inconsequential man upstairs.

He had not time to do more than cover the sugary fruit with muslin before Paterson shouted again. Paterson was at the foot of the stairs, fully dressed, with the note to Betteson in his hand.

The boy began to tremble at the unexpected sight of Paterson already dressed. The entire morning ritual of things was now shattered. He saw that only something of incredible and gigantic seriousness could cause Paterson to get up so swiftly, without tea, without help, without aspirin and without a single moment of at least jocular violence against him. Yet the smile once again did not go from his face.

"Get over to Betteson like hell and come straight back."

"Like hell, Patson, sir!"

"And come straight back."

"Yes, Patson, sir, straight back."

"Bring Betteson sir with you and make porridge.'

"Porridge for Betteson sir like hell!"

Almost as if it were the boy who was joking now, Paterson let out with his right hand a playful lead at the boy's left ear, but the brown-cream elbow came up and took the blow with neat swiftness and Paterson grinned, delighted. It was something he himself had taught.

"Make a fighter of you yet. Go on, you little bastard, get on."

"Yes, Patson, sir, bastard." The boy grinned immensely.

"Bad word!" Paterson roared. "Bad! Very bad!"

"Yes, Patson! Sir!"

The boy began running at once, going out of the back of the bungalow as Paterson turned, still grinning, and went out of the front to the dust road leading down to the mill.

The girl Nadia leaned against the balcony of the upstairs veranda to watch Paterson go. The brown eyes watching him with tenderness seemed quite impassive; against the morning sunlight they were delicately held in a dream. And unlike the boy she knew what was wrong with Paterson.

For a few moments in the middle of the night she had stood by Paterson's door, listening to the radio he kept by his bedside. From Rangoon the news came first in English that she could hardly understand and then in the educated Burmese that was only a little less foreign to her. She understood only that the voices were desperate voices and that they spoke of something catastrophic. She understood that the war, which until that moment had seemed very far away, had now begun to come very near to her. She knew that it might involve not only herself and Tuesday, who did not matter, but Paterson, who mattered very much.

Standing on the veranda, quite naked, just as she had got up from the bed, watching Paterson hurrying along the dust track towards the mill, she picked up her purple-red skirt and folded it over her body. She was very slim and it gave her something of the appearance of a fuchsia with swinging petals.

Standing there, she saw Paterson turn and look back. For a second it was as if he had seen her. And in that second she, too, began smiling. It was a smile rather more grave and more tender and because of something fearful in it more devoted even than that of the boy. And it remained there while she reached down to the bed and began to put on her little cream-white jacket that was half like a bodice and half like a blouse.

A moment later she saw that Paterson was running, too.

IT was a little after six o'clock when Mrs. Betteson, dressed in a faded red kimono, the loose sleeves of which were tied up above her elbows with pink lengths of tape brought home by Betteson from the offices of the steamship company, saw Paterson's boy Tuesday running down the road.

She was already busy in the front

"Things are happening," said Paterson. The boy smiled and did not understand

garden of the Betteson bungalow, fanatically attacking with a pair of shears long orange-tinted trailers of bignonia that seemed, even so early in the hot weather, to grow inches a day. She had something of the creased and floppy look of an unironed garment. She wore heavy gold-rimmed spectacles that hooked back over her ears and gave her eyes a startlingly fixed protuberant gleam.

Everyone in the town knew that Mrs. Betteson was batty. And as the boy saw her there in the garden, fanatically and smilingly clipping the flowers, he remembered it, too. He stopped running. The smile faded from his face.

On a day six or seven months before he had brought another note to Betteson, and Mrs. Betteson had taken him into the kitchen because Betteson was not there. Those whitish, protuberant, almost albino-like eyes, magnified by her glasses, had waved about in their sockets like sterile flowers, and all that hot afternoon she had kept him in the kitchen until Betteson returned, giving him fruit drinks and sugared little cakes, fussing over him with sweaty affection.

Ever since, he had been half frightened of those startling flower-like eyes. "Lucky Mr. Paterson to have a boy like you. We never had a boy like you. Where did he get you from, where did you come from? Lucky Mr. Paterson. Isn't he?" And as she talked to him, mostly in a language he did not understand, he had felt more and more sick with the too-sweet ill-cooked cakes.

"Joe! Mr. Paterson's boy! Tuesday."

Waving her scissors she shrieked the news to Betteson, who presently came out from the bungalow, a bald-headed man, fierily corpulent.

"What do you want?" Betteson said.

The boy did not speak. He simply held out the note from Paterson, smiling all the time.

"Chit from Paterson, eh?" Betteson turned the note over and over in his hands, to make sure the boy had not read it. You could never tell.

"What's the matter, Joe? What is it?"

"Nothing that concerns your nose. Keep it out!"

"What a nice boy he is, isn't he, Joe?"

Mrs. Betteson stood smiling at the boy through glinting spectacles, with greedy sterile eyes, as if once again she wanted to keep him there, and he was glad when Betteson shouted at him to get out.

"Answer please?" he said.

"What nice English," Mrs. Betteson said.

"Get my hat!" Betteson said. "Instead of gawping there!"

Mrs. Betteson fluttered scrappily into the house, a vague dream in the kimono.

"Answer please?"

The boy smiled, waiting.

"Get back before I knock that damn grin off your face!" Betteson said. "I'll be over. No need to wait for me."

"Yes, sir."

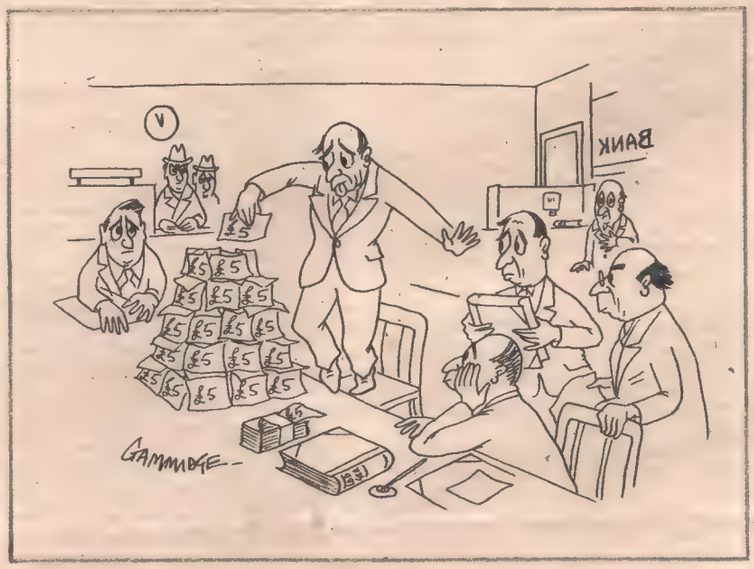
Afraid of both of them, he began to run up the street. At the corner he waited for a moment for Betteson to appear from the gate of the house.

As he stood waiting, uneasy about going home until he saw Betteson appear, he looked up at the pagodas and at a Buddha that was staring out to the plain. The Buddha's great dark and hollow eyes were something like the sterile eyes of Mrs. Betteson. From the monastery on the far side of the town came the sound of bells.

In the monastery were thousands of Buddhas. Everywhere they lined the high cool walls and the making of them never ended. Unceasingly they were made by boys who sat in the dust of the courtyard and put into image moulds wet dabs of grey plaster; the two halves of the mould were slapped together over the plaster and then the image, like a grey cake, was turned out, to be laid in the sun and baked to whiteness.

In time there would be millions of Buddhas, so made by small boys to whom it was no more than a game in the dust. But he was not like other boys. He was not concerned with the making of a million Buddhas. He was not concerned with being a novice in a monastery. He knew very well that Buddha was great and eternal and all-seeing and all-understanding and that he could exercise over him, for ever, now and always, the great protection. But so, too, would Paterson.

From Paterson could come an even nearer protection than Buddha could give. It would protect him from people like Betteson, who swore at him, and from people like Mrs. Betteson, who



wanted to keep him. And it would give him, in time, the greater understanding.

A few moments later he saw Betteson come out of the garden of the bungalow, and he turned and began to run.

Twenty minutes later, in Paterson's dining-room, Betteson sat eating his porridge with large spoonsful of salt. You needed it in the climate, anyway. And he had been in the climate long enough to know.

At the other end of the table Paterson scooped with a thin spoon at his sugared papaia, only now and then looking up from its frosty coolness at the grey mess that Betteson was slopping in. Betteson in turn looked at him with spasms of envy. He had worked for thirty years in the dust, the heat, the discomfort and the mosquitoes of the steamship offices only to find himself, at the moment of retirement, caught in a trap.

War had trapped him into a lengthened service in rather the same cheating way that life had trapped him with Mrs. Betteson.

But then he had never been lucky. He had never had the wonderful luck of people like Paterson, fresh out from England and yet preferred for managerial posts over the heads of better men. He had no luck like that. Portman had none of it either.

Portman was under-manager of the rice mill, and although it was hard on a man with great experience in Indian mills not to be given an expected post he at least had some compensations. Mrs. Portman was a lovely woman of thirty with long, fine legs and the nicest figure in the town. Betteson had watched her often at the Swimming Club, where she swam and sunbathed in a silk two-piece costume of pure white.

Paterson was not a member of the club. This omission deprived him, in Betteson's eyes and the eyes of everyone else, including especially the Portmans, of some standing. When Paterson wanted to swim he took a towel and swam in the river naked and his Burmese boy stood on the bank with his bath robe and waited to rub him down. "I like to swim in water, not people," was a remark of Paterson's that for a long time went round the club.

The Portmans certainly did not like Paterson, and they had reason, but Betteson was not so sure. In a small town it raised tricky issues to go as far as openly disliking a man. The whole of Betteson's life had suffered from the complication of raising tricky issues. The problems of going back to England before the outbreak of war might have been solved except that very tricky issues had been raised and in the end the Bettesons had not gone.

Betteson spooned the last of his porridge into his mouth and licked the spoon and looked up to see if the boy was still in the room. You could never trust a boy not to spread all over the town any little thing he heard, and he was a little annoyed to see him still standing by Paterson's chair.

The sight of the boy reminded Betteson of another tricky issue. That, too, of course, rankled with the Portmans: the business of the Burmese girl living in the house. It was no affair of Betteson's, but in some mills that would not have been tolerated and was only tolerated now, he thought, because of war.

War had complicated, sharpened and disrupted everything. For some time the whole town had been in a state of nerves. Since December the war had become nearer and nearer, impinging sharply on the well-made European quarter, with its pleasant white and red bungalows, drenched with bougainvillaea, set out on a plan of palm-fringed shady squares.

Already most of the Europeans, with the children, had gone. Of those who had made up the pleasant parochial life of the Swimming Club, the Burma Club, the English tea-rooms and the English church, only Paterson, the Bettesons, the assistant manager Portman and his wife, Mrs. McNairn and her daughter and Major Brain, secretary of the Swimming Club, remained.

Dr. Fielding and some nurses remained over at the hospital, but the nurses were mostly half-whites and in any case Fielding had already made it clear where his duty lay and no one doubted that the nurses would remain, too. Caldwell, the district officer, was over at the hospital, too, a wreck after gastro-enteritis picked up at some village celebrations up river, at the moment when everyone needed him most. They would probably fly him out from Mandalay.

Paterson had now finished his papaia and the boy, taking the plates, had left the room.

"I thought it funny you sent for me," said Betteson.

"Funny?" Paterson said. "We'll all be out of here by dawn tomorrow. Rangoon has practically gone."

"Good God! What do we do?"

Betteson was alarmed and yet it was pleasant to think of himself and Paterson in co-operation.

"It's what you do. Caldwell will be flown out. The rest of us go by road together. I want everyone over here by twelve o'clock. I'll give them lunch. I'll tell them what Caldwell plans. The rest of the day they get ready."

"Who do you mean, everybody?" Betteson said.

The boy came back into the room with a dish of bacon and eggs and held it in front of Betteson, who stopped speaking. The eggs were very small and Betteson took three.

"You and your wife," Paterson said, "of course. The Portmans. Mrs. McNairn and Connie. And, I suppose, Major Brain. The rest have gone."

The boy went out of the room again and Betteson leaned forward, sucking in a half egg before he spoke again.

"I can tell you now, Mrs. McNairn will never come."

"She'll come."

"Not to your house, Paterson, old man."

"I think so."

"It'll raise pretty tricky issues."

At Betteson's elbow the boy quietly refilled his cup with tea, put milk in it and then held the sugar basin so that Betteson could help himself.

"No sugar," Betteson said, and he watched to see the boy depart.

Paterson cut slowly away at an egg. It suddenly seemed specially delicious to him because, in the act of cutting it, it occurred to him that it might be the last he would ever eat there. Thus preoccupied he seemed not to be listening.

"I said it would raise pretty tricky issues," Betteson said.

"Well aware of it."

"What if she says no?"

"Ask her if she'd rather die of rape or cholera."

"I think that's stretching it a bit," Betteson said.

Paterson did not speak. That, thought Betteson, was one of the troubles with Paterson. A bit ironical. He didn't, of course, mean it about rape and cholera. That was simply his ironical exaggeration, his way of trying to get round Mrs. McNairn.

The boy gave Betteson a slice of bread. Betteson broke the crust and mopped it in the juice of bacon fat and egg.

"This thing wants thinking out," he said. "It wants looking at from all sides."

"It's all been thought out. I've been thinking and looking at it for months!"

That was another thing about Paterson: the clear, sure, rather snappy temperament that went straight for things. It offended some people greatly.

"All right, all right," Betteson said. "How do we set about it?"

"By road," Paterson said. "In two cars."

Betteson, thinking of Mrs. Betteson, who was like a child when it came to travelling, did not speak.

"Portman has his car. There'll be

Continued on page 18

Evelyn Laye, guest star of television's *Starlight* programme, meets Gertrude the Pig, guest star of *Inventors' Club*

Television is reaching out

by JOHN PUDNEY

Its extension to the Midlands next year will bring in six million potential viewers. Already it has outgrown its studios and is in need of a larger home

WATCH TELEVISION. It is making new friends and new enemies every month. The enemies are mostly suspicions.

They resemble those who insisted that the early motor cars should be preceded by a man carrying a red flag. They have a kinship with those who prophesied the doom of the gramophone, when sound broadcasting began. They are the distant cousins of those who shook their heads in fear and disbelief at the possibilities of men flying to any useful purpose.

I was talking to a famous man of the theatre who controls many successful productions. He told me that he would never allow any play which he controlled to appear upon the television screens.

"Too many people would see it," he said, "and then would they come to the theatre?"

He must know his own business best, but I, through casual acquaintance with those who televiewand those who televise, would like to be able to persuade him that no good play has anything to fear from being well performed to this vast new unseen audience.

The latest figures show that 61,700 British citizens have taken out television licences (£2 each). There are many thousands more who are, consciously or unconsciously, pirates. When a television programme starts, not all these people will be looking at the screen. On the other hand, those who do switch on will not be viewing alone.

I have never heard any average officially mentioned, but I hazard the guess that an average of four people are usually to be found around a television set. Even this modest estimate would therefore provide an audience of something like 250,000 televiewers for any peak event.

Lancashire, Too?

For the time being, this cross-section of the public, mainly of people in the medium income-groups, is geographically limited. This time next year, however, the extension of television to Birmingham is estimated to bring in a potential audience of six million.

Not only will the midland manufacturing towns be assured of good reception but the service is likely to cater for the thickly populated districts of Lancashire. The ultimate aim was stated recently by the B.B.C.'s Director-General, Sir William Haley: "Television is a permanent addition to the twentieth-century way of civilized life. Its extension to cover the whole country and its eventual marriage with sound broadcasting, once the two coverages are approximately similar, will overshadow all other broadcasting problems in importance during the next few years. The social obligations are great. The technical possibilities are enormous."

As more and more television sets become available and the service itself is extended, it will become apparent that we are indeed standing upon the edge of a tremendous innovation in social life.

Purchasers of television sets are dangerous people to know during the first few months, before the novelty of their acquisition has worn off. Invariably they take great gulps of the nearly-free entertainment. They take it indiscriminately.

But afterwards they settle down and soon there will be children who are accustomed to accept television as a matter of course. It is then that the full significance of the service will be manifest—as entertainment and education which embellishes, not displaces, established forms.

At the sending end, the 300 programme officials are aware of an ever-increasing responsibility. They must keep the wheels turning. But at the same time they must be experimenting, meeting the wider audience with more discriminating choice and confirming their own ambitions as their technique develops.

An example of a bold and successful experiment recently has been the introduction of the series of documentary programmes called *Courts and Crime*. These programmes hinge upon the day-to-day work of British magistrates' courts. They face up to vital social problems. And these are worked out in that swiftly moving, dramatic form which is rather vaguely labelled "documentary."

The man behind this new form of documentary is a young Highlander called Duncan Ross. He obtained his material by means of collaboration with Claud Mullins, one of the most celebrated of London metropolitan magistrates.

Cuts Out the Talk

The novelty and force of his technique, however, derived from the fact that he dispensed with narration, or announcing, which is such a drag upon the pace of the feature, or documentary, style of writing. Ross has discarded, also, the idea of having real people in the studio to act parts they play in real life. If the words are right, a barrow boy played by a good actor can be much more sincere and convincing than a barrow boy playing a barrow boy's part.

Here the technical side of television is scoring in an experiment specifically its own. A documentary without narration, written by experts, played by trained actors. An attempt to bring before the new public of television, social problems and ideas which otherwise could be conveyed only by talks or by films made at great expense, not always with equal authority.

Expense? It is difficult to estimate how expensive more elaborate television is going to be. (My own play, *Reunion*, will be televised on November 21 and 26, but the B.B.C. won't tell me how much it will cost. They do not divulge such things. My estimate would be about £700 for the two performances.)

Most of the money at present seems to be rightly expended upon items outside Alexandra Palace. This year for the first time three mobile units were working simultaneously. The Olympic Games provided a new peak in outdoor television.

It is beneath the 300-foot tower of Alexandra Palace itself where there appears to be the greatest bottleneck in television. It is one which no amount of expenditure can solve. There are only two studios, each measuring seventy feet by thirty feet and twenty-five feet high. These two studios have to carry the whole traffic of indoor transmission.

Rehearsals Are Rushed

Such is the congestion of studio accommodation that plays have to go on with only a few hours' dress rehearsal with cameras and scenery. Elsewhere, usually in a drab empty room in Marylebone High Street, London, these plays are rehearsed for two or three weeks on end.

Chalk marks upon the floor represent the limitations on the stage at Alexandra Palace. Odd pieces of furniture represent scenery. For some productions a scale model is used in order that the cast may study their position in miniature.

This is an unhappy and nerve-wracking way of handling a play which has cost those concerned perhaps a month of preparation and which will take as long as a feature film to perform.

It seems that there can be no alleviation until a new site has been chosen and a new building built, probably nearer the centre of London. But the industrial areas, which thirst for the fun which for so many years has been denied them, must be served first.

WE MUST TAKE A GLOBAL VIEW OF DEFENCE

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

Britain's foremost military commentator

Rocket bombs hurtling over the North Pole? That *is* a possibility in another war, but a look at the globe shows more likely danger points

THE PHRASES "global war" and "global strategy" have come much into vogue in the last year or two—since the growing discord between victors of the last war has faced us with the menace of another war.

What do these phrases mean? There is, first, the generalized meaning of a world-wide conflict in which all the principal Powers are engaged. That idea is not really fresh, since we have already been through the first World War and the second World War within a span of thirty years.

Naturally, a reorientation of the idea of world war must result from changing factors—the decline of all the West European Powers; the collapse of Germany and of Japan; the expansion and industrialization of the U.S.S.R.; the preponderant position gained by the U.S.A. as a consequence of the two previous wars; the immense developments of war-applied science which these terrific struggles produced.

The sum effect is to make it silly for any people on this earth to consider their own problems except in relation to a world view.

The term "global" is used, however, in a second and more specific sense—to impress on us new aspects of the fact that the world is round, and not flat. We are now urged to study our strategic problems on a globe, instead of on a map. The impulse has come from the possibilities of flying, and the potentialities of firing projectiles over the Polar regions—the North Pole in particular.

Optical Illusions!

Globes are to be found in schoolrooms, but they receive far less attention than wall-maps or atlases. They have been rarer, and more rarely studied, in Government offices and military headquarters. The habit of viewing the world from schooldays onwards on the flat surface of a map is apt to engrave impressions that are not easily corrected.

How different appears the relative size and situation of many countries and areas! On the flat map, the northerly lands become vastly exaggerated in proportion to those in the temperate and tropical zones. Canada and even Greenland bulk larger than China, while Scandinavia looks as big as India. Russia appears more than double the size of the whole of Africa, whereas it is actually somewhat smaller. On the other hand, the United States of America is made to appear more diminutive than it is in reality.

Such false comparisons, continually impressed from childhood, are bound to have misleading effects—of greater consequence than has ever been recognized. In reflection, we may begin to realize their subconscious influence on Russian minds. For we have suffered ourselves from the inflated idea of the British Empire's strength that was fostered by the extent of territory coloured red on maps of the world on Mercator's Projection.

It's Out of Date

Such a map also distorts the geographical situation of some of the principal countries in relation to one another. Russia and North America have been thought of as standing in the right and left halves of the world, and at the right and left ends of the same lateral line. Politically, that picture has today become more apt than ever, though right and left are reversed, but geographically it is no longer fitting.

The comfortable feeling induced by the broad Atlantic sea-belt has been dispelled by an Arctic wind—the freezing thought that bombers and rockets may one day be hurtling to and fro over the North Pole.

On a globe, Russia and North America are seen to be facing one another on their northern borders. In that nose-end view each looks closer and more threatening to the other than in the usual easterly-westerly side view. That appearance is intensified by the different contour they take — like two crouching wrestlers or gorillas with arms stretched out to grip one another in a strangling embrace.

This new global aspect is impressive. It has stimulated a flow of activity northwards. The Russians showed a growing interest in this direction soon after the Soviet régime was installed.

In 1926 they claimed possession of all land lying between their continental coast and the North Pole. Within ten years they had made the "North-East Passage" from the Atlantic to the Pacific a regular traffic-route, with a chain of ports along their whole northern coast. They had also occupied the most northerly island of the Francis Joseph group, which lies nearer the Pole than Norwegian-owned Spitsbergen. What they have done since is a matter of speculation.

New Buffer State

American activity has been a postwar rush, following the increasing friction with Russia, and the greatly lengthened range of bombing aircraft, together with the development of guided missiles.

The keynote was sounded by General Spaatz, the U.S. Army Air Chief, when he declared in 1947: "If our defences are to be between us and the enemy, they must be on the Arctic frontier." That conclusion is of still closer, if not more vital, concern to Canada—which has become a buffer State on that route. The point was rubbed in by Admiral Jones, her late Chief of Naval Staff, who startlingly announced that she would be "in the nutcracker in the atom war against major American cities."

There has also been alarming talk of airborne invading forces coming over the Pole, and of combined air and land invasion from eastern Siberia, across the Behring Straits, and through Alaska.

Most people have forgotten, but not the respective Governments, that Alaska was "Russian America" until 1867, when this vast bridgehead on the American continent was ceded to the U.S.A. for a mere seven million dollars —an infinitesimal fraction of what she has spent in developing its defences and strategic communications in the last few years. Airfields have been multiplying there, and on a smaller scale in the northern parts of Canada.

There is a chain of meteorological stations, which now have a strategic bearing, along and within the Arctic Circle from Greenland to Point Barrow, the north-west corner of Alaska. Both Canadian and American forces have been carrying out experimental tests with special equipment in mechanized operations on the Arctic frontier. All this has served to draw people's eyes upwards.

U.S. as Air Target

Yet the impressiveness of this new aspect exceeds its importance. We ought not to overlook it, but would be unwise to overrate it—lest it diverts attention from more immediate risks. The effect has been too much like a rush of blood to the head. For the novelty of this Polar bearing has tended to blind people to limitations in reality which prevail at present, and may continue longer than is imagined.

The shortening of range possible by flying over the Pole, in a Russo-American conflict, is not much. From the most northerly point in Russia, New York is over 4,000 miles distant. It is considerably nearer the Russian airfields in the Russian-occupied zone of Germany. Even if airfields or missile launching sites could be built in the Arctic islands of the Francis Joseph group they would be no nearer to New York than those available on the Baltic.

The cities on the west coast of the U.S.A. are slightly more exposed to attack from Russian territory, but such attack would come over the North Pacific, not over the Arctic. Even so, San Francisco is over 3,000 miles distant from airfields in eastern Siberia.

Iceland Refused

Now look at the problem the other way round. The U.S.A. would gain nothing from attempting to attack Russia over the Polar route. Moscow is over 4,000 miles from her airfields in Alaska, and Russia's new industrial centres behind the Ural Mountains are almost as far. The distance to Moscow is hardly any farther over the Atlantic, from the American bases in New England. From the airfields in Newfoundland it is considerably less—about 3,500 miles.

The range could be shortened to a bare 1,800 miles if the Americans could operate from Iceland, but their postwar attempt to acquire a ninety-nine years' lease of bases there met with a refusal, and they were only able to obtain a short and restricted lease of one airfield. Negotiations were initiated with Denmark for the incorporation of Greenland in the American network, but that is a little farther away from Europe, besides presenting harder problems in conversion to a stategic base.

Those who talk glibly about over-the-Pole attack are too inclined to overlook some of the basic factors, and handicaps. Besides the special difficulties of flying, navigation and maintenance in such icy conditions, there is the problem of constructing suitable bases from which the bombers or missiles are to be launched, and the still greater problem of keeping up supplies to them on an adequate scale. The farther north they are pushed, the more remote they will be from the sources of supply, and the more precarious their lines of communication.

Hard for Bombers

But *range* itself—the distance that bomb-loaded aircraft can fly and projectiles travel—is the biggest handicap of all. The U.S. Navy's new Lockheed Neptune has covered over 11,000 miles in one non-stop flight. This would suggest to the ordinary man that it might be able to bomb a target 5,500 miles distant and return to its base. But in reality it could not attain anything approaching such a range when loaded with bombs. The larger the bomb load, the more its fuel load would have to be cut down.

A graphic illustration of how this handicap multiplies is provided by the new giant B-36 that is now being produced in the United States to replace the B-29, the "Superfortress" — which was the only wartime aircraft capable of carrying the atom bomb. The 140-ton B-36 is designed to carry a bomb load of thirty-six tons, but this would have to be cut down to a mere five tons if the machine had to reach a target 5,000 miles distant.

Even that calculation does not reckon with tactical conditions and deviations. The aircraft's operational range with the minimum bomb load worth carrying may prove to be no more than 3,000 miles, if that. It could be much more effective if used at shorter range.

The cost and complexity of manufacturing such giant machines, of maintaining and of providing adequate airfields for their operation are further limitations. Relatively slow, they are highly vulnerable to the stings of the new jet-engined fighters unless themselves

Captain Liddell Hart puts finger on Eastern Siberia, from where, some say, Russia could invade U.S.A.: a threat to be heeded but not overrated.—*John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp*

protected by a fighter escort. That is the most serious limitation on their *effective* range.

As for "robot" missiles, their range is much more limited at present, and may continue to be so. That of the German V1, the "flying bomb," was barely 150 miles, and that of the V2, the rocket, was only about 220 miles. Intensive postwar experiment makes it likely that this range may soon be extended to over 500 miles, and perhaps not far short of 1,000 miles, but whether adequate accuracy can be attained at the longer range remains doubtful.

The prospect of a 3,000-mile rocket has become more remote than it seemed a few years ago. Moreover, the problem of guiding such missiles, by radar and other means, becomes more complicated as the range lengthens. We are still far from solving many of the problems associated with "push-button warfare."

In sum, should another war come soon it is not likely that the world will see, as the curtain rises, America and Russia fighting one another by long-range bombardment across the Arctic Ocean, nor across the Atlantic Ocean. That popular picture is still a vision of the future, not a near probability — and could be a dangerous distraction from more vital realities.

If the Russians were to overrun Western Europe, the continuation of the war with America might eventually develop into a trans-ocean bombardment by long-range weapons of mass destruction, with spreading devastation in both continents. But the Americans, if only to forestall any such ultimate possibility, would have to fight on this side of the Atlantic from the outset. No other strategy could as yet be effective, even for bombing action.

England to Moscow

Moscow is barely 1,100 miles distant from some of the present American air bases in Germany. It is only 800 miles from Swedish airfields. But even if the bases in Germany had to be abandoned, and Sweden could not be utilized, Moscow would still be only 1,500 miles from bases in England.

Even from Spain, which is now receiving much attention from the American military authorities as a potential bridgehead to maintain in continental Europe, Moscow is no farther than from Iceland. From North Africa it is a shade closer—about 1,700 miles—while the Caucasian oilfields, on which Russia's forces primarily depend for their fuel supply, are little more than 1,200 miles distant from African air bases. The Rumanian oil fields are within 1,000 miles range.

Indeed, all the main centres of Russia's warmaking power are less than half—and some much less than half—the distance from North Africa than they are from North America over the Pole.

In any plan of defence for the West, Africa is of vital importance. Geographically and strategically that continent forms a pivotal position. It provides the forces of Western Union with the possibility of strategic defence in depth, and with wide scope for developing counter-offensive action. It also offers one of the greatest sources of raw material in the world which has as yet hardly been tapped.

Even today, the U.S.A. is almost wholly dependent on African sources for three of the most important new war-making materials—cobalt, columbite and uranium. The first two are needed for hardening steel, and become more important still with the introduction of the jet engine. The third is the raw material for the atomic bomb. The world's largest known deposit of pitchblende, from which uranium is extracted, lies in the Belgian Congo.

With Africa securely held and its potentialities adequately developed, the U.S.A. and her allies would be assured of the strategic resources to outlast and outclass Russia's in the case of another prolonged World War. The strategic potentialities would be increased if Turkey were available as a forward position in front of the main one, since most of Russia's strategic-economic keypoints are accessible from there.

Thorn in Our Side?

For a long time, British policy has magnified the importance of the "Middle East"—Iraq, Syria and Palestine in particular—and devoted inordinate efforts to its sustenance, with poor results. More recently, the U.S.A. has interested itself in that area, in a still more confused way.

But this "Middle East" is far more vulnerable, both to military invasion and political infiltration, than Turkey—a mountain-and-sea girdled country, with a more stable and martial people. The Turks, too, have more reason to make common cause with the West so long as they are assured of adequate and timely support.

Meanwhile, in Cyprus we already possess a sea-girt advanced post, with big possibilities as an air base, that shortens the range by several hundred miles compared with the air bases on the North African coast.

It is doubtful whether the potential importance of these points, for a reorientated global strategy, have been fully grasped by the Western Powers. There have been too many signs of stop-gap measures, instead of clear-cut policy, of wavering between distant visions and pettifogging adjustments of old habit. That can only carry us deeper into danger, without creating practical safeguards.

There is a danger, too, in America's preoccupation with the Pacific angle of a global view. It tends to distract too much of her attention and effort to a quarter which can have no decisive bearing on present issues. A sober estimate of the immense difficulties imposed by scanty communications and barren conditions would discount the idea that a powerful attack could be carried out and maintained across the Behring Straits, either way—from Siberia into America; or Alaska into Russia.

Could Avert War

Still more thought and effort has been devoted by the U.S.A. to the strengthening of her girdle of bases farther south. While these are of regional importance, for America's security and influence in the Far East, no military effort which she mounted there, if war broke out, would seriously affect the main struggle in the West. Even the U.S.A.'s vast resources do not justify her in disregarding the strategic law of economy of force.

A true view of global strategy would emphasize the need of concentrating the maximum possible effort where it can have the closest possible bearing on the main issue. The earlier the concentration, the more effective it may prove—not merely in assuring the issue of a war but in *averting* war.

For another war, with the weapons now in development, could be fatal to the world as a whole. It has become truer than ever that prevention is better than cure.

Land ready, plans ready, but no licence: C. K. Faulkner and wife

FREE SPEECH

★ Taxing reserve pay won't encourage volunteers

★ A magistrate says postmen should take more care

★ Hard playgrounds a menace to young children

AFTER SIX YEARS' war service with the Royal Naval Air Service I have recently joined the Royal Fleet Reserve, thus making myself available for immediate service in emergency.

For this I am allowed 10s. 6d. a week, and have already received my first quarter's payment.

However, I have also just received notification from the Treasury that my income tax code number has been dropped six points on account of my reserve pay.

This seems hardly the way to encourage volunteers. Is it too much to ask that this small retaining fee should be tax free?—F. C. KENNARD, 7 Mansfield Road, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

Wrong Delivery

WITHIN THE LAST couple of days I have received in my mail letters addressed to other people. Opening them quickly, without looking at the address, I found that one contained a cheque for a substantial amount. In another delivery I received a parcel containing cigarettes, which was intended for a house some distance away.

The growing carelessness in sorting and delivery might possibly account for the many cases of alleged pilfering so often reported.—MAGISTRATE, Yorks. (Full name and adress enclosed.)

Unhappy Landings

PASSING A CHILDREN'S playground recently I was horrified to see a tiny tot, barely four years of age, following an older child up an iron ladder to a steep slide. The base of the structure was surfaced with tarmac.

Why tarmac? Authorities should be compelled to provide a layer of sand or matting, or something similarly shock-absorbing, to minimize the risk of broken limbs to kiddies of such tender years.—W. TAPPER, 97 Market Street, Church, Lancs.

Free Milk for Pensioners

I AM A MILKMAN and know that the five half-pint weekly allowance is quite inadequate, particularly for old people. Surely, a scheme could be devised whereby old age pensioners received a free allocation of half a pint of milk a day. An allowance is made for tobacco, so why not for milk, which is far more essential?—A. T. G., London, N.W.5. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Potential Divorcee

AT THE AGE OF twenty-seven I find myself a potential divorcee. My husband tells me it is extremely unlikely that any man would be willing to lead the life which I consider ideal. And women acquaintances tell me there is something wrong with all men.

I can't believe that this is so. Is it *really* so unusual to expect a man to be a good father, an interesting lover and a useful husband at the same time?

As a wife, and the mother of two small boys, I have been prepared to co-operate. I enjoy dancing, films, plays, discussions, music, travelling—or just relaxing in my own home.

Is it an unwritten law that a woman must tolerate all her husband's faults, and compromise all the time, without getting anything in return?—THWARTED IDEALIST. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Waiting for a Licence

READING THE LETTER from G. R. Eveson, who has built his own house (JOHN BULL, October 16), I wondered if he experienced any trouble in obtaining that very elusive building licence.

I am a bricklayer, and quite prepared to build my own house. I have my own plot of land, have had my plans passed by the local council, yet, two years after making an application, I am still waiting for the licence that will permit me to start work.—C. K. FAULKNER, 20 Brook Street, Lincoln.

Nature's Answer?

THE BIRTH OF TWO SETS of quads within a short period has pin-pointed for many people the fact that multiple births seem to be growing more common.

Recently, while out shopping, I noticed six sets of twins in prams. There may be a good scientific explanation, but it seems to me as though Nature were getting her own back at the modern idea of family limitation.—MISS GWENDOLINE ALLEN, 8 St. Paul's Court, London, N.W.1.

Life's Fine in Iceland

Mrs. Audur Wooton

I AM Icelandic, and have been in England only since I married my English husband, two and a half years ago.

The main thing that annoys me is the fact that most people I have encountered think of Iceland as a country inhabited by Eskimos living in igloos and keeping careful watch for polar bears.

These ideas are ridiculous, and must be blamed on an inadequate educational system. Though my homeland has only a small population, the life is well up to European standards, with a climate very similar to (though drier than) that in England.—MRS. AUDUR WOOTON, 44 Station Road, King's Langley, Herts.

No Joke

LISTENING TO *Musical Hall*, *Variety Bandbox* and other radio programmes recently I was merely irritated and not amused by most of the comedians.

To these and other radio comedians, therefore, I would say:

Don't pause for laughs which are not forthcoming, pass comments on the lack of them, nor canvass for unwarranted applause.

Don't make references to producers, orchestra leaders, scripts or broadcasting fees.

Don't dither and dally when introducing jokes, nor interrupt them in the course of telling. Nothing is more annoying to the listener.

Don't intersperse your dialogue with laughs every dozen words. Let *us* do that if it's worth it.—H. A. KIMBER, 9 Cavendish Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, 21.

What the Customer Wants

A READER ASKED FOR radio sets to be manufactured for sale at about £10 which would receive home services only (JOHN BULL, October 23).

Such sets are already made. But the average radio buyer insists on his set having pick-up and extension speaker sockets and a short-wave range, although usually he has no intention of using them.

These simple sets give fine reception, and at the price are good value for money—but they don't sell.—R. HAWKINS, 50 Kingsthorpe Road, Northampton.

Cinema Prices

OUTSIDE A CINEMA was a notice which read: *"A" Film. No child under sixteen admitted.*

But children *were* being admitted—if paid for at full price instead of half. Surely this is all wrong. Can't private cinema admission fees be brought into line with other price controls?—N. W., Swinton, Manchester. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Don't Blame Epileptics

YOUR CORRESPONDENT, B. Kay, who blamed epileptics for losing phenobarbitone tablets (JOHN BULL, October 16) is quite wrong. Epileptics take the tablets at regular times, as prescribed, and not when they feel an attack coming on.

Few epileptics have any warning of an attack. It just comes.

I believe most drug-losing offenders are doctors, or the thousands of real or imaginary neurotics who are given the drug to "relax" them. Hands off the poor epileptics. They have quite enough to contend with.—MARJORIE JONES, 56 George V Avenue, Margate, Kent.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

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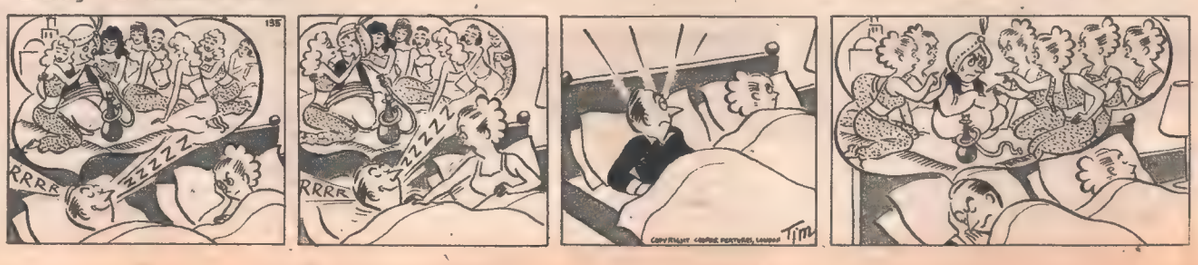
OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



Why We're Tops at Soccer

by JOHN ARLOTT

Some nations play dashing, spectacular football; others are plodders. But England can play any style—and win

England star who's typical; Stanley Matthews (left) races for ball

SINCE THE WAR the Australians have beaten us thoroughly at cricket and other countries have defeated us at golf, tennis and indeed most sports. Yet our soccer and our international soccer team remain supreme in the world.

This is so although we have yet to meet a full-strength Russian team—and, if the Moscow Dynamos were a good guide to the game as played there, we should probably find them the strongest opponents we have yet met.

Nevertheless, our supremacy remains, relatively, unchallenged and is not likely to be disturbed even by a defeat of our international team, because our *overall superiority* is beyond doubt.

If we examine this supremacy we will find there are two main reasons for it—one fundamental, the other immediate.

Let us deal first of all with the fundamental quality which puts us at the top. Those who watch Continental soccer teams will notice that they fall, as our players do not, into two types—southern and northern.

The football of the southern countries —France, Italy, Spain and Jugoslavia—stands out as peculiarly Latin in quality. It is characterized by the goalkeepers, brilliant keepers, inclined to the spectacular, apt to over-dramatize their saves and always apt to commit the fatal blunder against a simple shot from sheer over-elaboration or carelessness.

Once that happens they may go all to pieces, as several did in international matches in England of recent years. This collapse is often communicated to the entire defence. As for their forwards, their characteristic is lack of punch.

The Jugoslav international side at the Olympic Games was a typical example. This was the full international side—for no one with a knowledge of the *facts* of Continental football will deny that their domestic idea of what constitutes an amateur and what a professional differs widely from ours.

The Jugoslavs in the Olympic final against Sweden played some of the most brilliant approach-football ever seen, even at Wembley. It was reminiscent of the famous "Blue Devils" of the Scottish international side of 1928. But as soon as the forwards reached the edge of the penalty area that similarity disappeared.

Poor Finishers

The disposition to "have a go" when given an opening within shooting range, which is characteristic of even the most ball-conscious Scottish footballer, was simply not there. The forwards could cut out openings but could not use them.

This sheer inability in finishing has been the downfall of more than one pattern-weaving side that has challenged England sides possibly less skilful in ball-manipulation. Such teams, too, have rarely relished the bustling tactics which strategically wise England teams have employed against them.

Our defences, usually composed of men of speed, have aimed at disrupting by bustle and first-time kicking their delicate tactics and have usually succeeded, not so much in midfield as on the last line of defence, before the goal.

With the northern sides, typified by Sweden, something of the reverse usually applies. They have not been unskilful sides—the Danes, in particular, have produced some brilliant footwork—but in general they have leaned towards the direct method of play.

Against such teams our strategy has been to mark closely in defence and, in attack, to employ close methods in midfield, while taking our opportunities quickly in front of goal.

So the weaknesses of most of our opponents seem to fall into geographical divisions. The southern races tend to lack of punch, the northerners to over-simplification. The English team is usually well able to take care of itself in the hurly-burly, but able also to provide the ballcraft which is the essential quality of constructive football —and to hit hard within shooting range.

Our blending of the two necessary qualities demanded by competitive football is, no doubt, due to our mixture of races. Combining Latin, Teutonic and Celtic blood, our players can be both strong and subtle. That, of course, is at the bottom of our versatility, but it is a *reflection* of our racial mixture which produces our varied style of play.

Not Standardized

In the English and Scottish leagues we find different teams playing different styles of football. Less than any other European country has England a standard national type of football in so far as such a style is apparent in every club.

Tottenham Hotspur and Aston Villa have both developed variations of the "Corinthian" style of the great public-school clubs of the eighteen-eighties.

Leicester City, in recent years, under the management of "Tokey" Duncan, has put ball-play first and has scored some amazing wins with forwards so light in weight that at first glance the spectator might have expected them to be swept off the field. Glasgow Rangers and Glasgow Celtic have both concentrated on producing homogenous elevens, each man a well-briefed unit of a ball-playing machine.

The nearest approach, perhaps, to an absolutely even balance of the styles is the present Manchester United eleven, a veritable team of all the talents, planned along the lines of team-work but always capable, at need, of the brilliant solo burst by any one of six or seven players.

Thus we see that the members of a league side will be faced, from week to week, by teams of completely different character and style, and that therefore, they must be capable of adapting their methods to meet any style of football. I am convinced that the strength of English football lies in this versatility.

As for the immediate reasons for our supremacy in the actual contests between teams from England and teams from other countries, much of England's power lies in the presence in her team of four really great footballers—Swift, Matthews, Mortensen and Lawton—who would have been great footballers in any age.

At the present time there is no other player in their respective positions who is in the same class. No forward in the world can be certain of scoring against Frank Swift. No defender has ever tackled Matthews with consistent success; no half-back has ever prevented Mortensen from breaking clear at least once in a match; and no man in the world is Lawton's master in challenging for the ball in the air.

Swift, Matthews and Lawton are now past their best—though still great players. As they drop out, England will only remain at the top *on results* if she produces equally great players, not necessarily to take their specific places but to join the international team.

Future Stars

For some years now the emphasis of strength in the English team has been on the forward line, but the new generation may fill the half-back or full-back positions as brilliantly as such players as Cooper, Hapgood and Cullis filled them a few years ago. Football breeds its good players and once in ten thousand players a really great one.

You may look in vain through English teams of the past for a side which did not contain two or three—usually more—great players. We shall find them again —the players who will rise above the level of being "good enough for an international cap" to become the greatest players in the world.

The fascinating task at the moment is to "spot" them.

A few possibles are: Vaughan, of Charlton; Aston, Morris, Cockburn, of Manchester United; Duquemin, of Spurs; Ramsey, of Southampton; Gibson, of Newcastle.

So long as English football remains as healthy and as individualistic as it is, so long its style will remain as broad as it is, its players the most versatile and the best in the world.

"They're always telling us that we've got to practise economy, aren't they?"

The jacaranda tree

Continued from page 12

four in that. I thought the Portmans, Mrs. McNairn and Connie."

"Yes, I see. Yes."

"And then there's mine. The Buick. You and Mrs. Betteson in that, with Major Brain and me. Six altogether."

Betteson's office training was at once offended by Paterson's arithmetic and he looked sharply down the table.

"You mean six in yours? Two and two make four. Not six."

"Six," Paterson said. "With the boy there and his sister."

"Now wait a minute, old man." Betteson had grown suddenly so excited, in a deferential way, that he was not eating his third egg. "That raises tricky issues!"

"The whole issue is tricky," Paterson said. "The Japanese are coming. They're probably on the Lower Irrawaddy now!"

"Good God," Betteson said. "They might come up by river."

Paterson got up from the table, buttoning his jacket. As he walked across the room it was clear even to Betteson that there was nothing more to say.

"See you at twelve," Paterson said.

"Where are you going?" Betteson said. "What are you going to do?"

Paterson opened the light screen door that led out to the lower veranda and then let it swing from his hands.

"I'm going to blow up the rice mill!" he shouted.

At the table, Betteson, gazing at the hollowed-out papaia rinds and his cooling egg, did not speak, and behind him the boy, for the first time that morning, did not smile.

As Connie McNairn sat beside her mother in the bicycle rickshaw taking them over to Paterson's bungalow at a quarter-past twelve she wondered what was going on in Paterson's mind. She sat with her brownish-grey eyes fixed on the petunia purple of the rickshaw-boy's waist-cloth and on the naked rosy-brown back, down which smooth rivulets of pale sweat were pouring in the noon sun. From behind, and with the waist-cloth that was so like a girl's skirt, the boy looked extraordinarily like a woman menially and desperately dragging them along the hot streets between the rows of tamarind and palm.

She could not conceive what was going on in Paterson's mind to make him invite her and her mother over to lunch on an invitation brought by Betteson. They were late already; but that, as she knew, was exactly her mother's way. It was exceedingly bad to be early; it lowered you in people's eyes.

Her mother sat upright in the rickshaw with something of the appearance of a moulting hawk: a woman of nearly sixty whose face had the arid shantung-yellow texture that came of thirty years' service under the Burma sun.

She wore a dress of dull-brown silk that, from the acid of much sweat, had gone completely to pieces under the arms. It had been reprieved with parallelograms of lighter colour that would have shown badly if Mrs. McNairn had ever lifted her arms more than waist high. In her determination to do no such thing she sat with her arms clenched in her lap, grasping the ivory handle of her white parasol. It was the parasol, with its hooked handle curving out from her clenched hands and knees, rather than anything in her angular, beaky face, that gave the appearance of a faded bird of prey.

The reason neither she nor Connie had left Burma with the rest of the Europeans was Mr. McNairn. Just as the Bettesons gave out their ill luck and the cruel coincidence of war, so Mrs. McNairn gave out Mr. McNairn as the basis of whatever humiliation, including the affair of Paterson, that could ever happen to them.

"This would never have happened if your father had been alive."

The girl had nothing to say to a remark she had heard a thousand times before and she set her eyes even harder on the brown-and-purple figure of the sweating boy.

"Your Mr. Paterson would have been tearing over to see us. Not us to see him."

"I thought it sounded very serious," the girl said. "After all, we've been told to be ready."

"It'll be a change for Mister Paterson to take anything seriously."

Mrs. McNairn folded her hands more tightly over the beaked handle of the parasol. The only colour on their bloodless flesh was the ring of rubies. Rubies were the emblem of Mr. McNairn, who had been engaged for thirty years in buying them wholesale for a firm in Calcutta.

Here, in Central Burma, McNairn had lived, worked and died, with something of the same anonymous devotion that Betteson had given at the offices of the shipping company. It would not have been very different if the Scot had worked in his native Dundee or if Betteson had remained in London, adding up someone else's accounts there.

But Mrs. McNairn did not take this view. She conceived it to have been McNairn's lot to devote to the Crown and to the extension of the British way of life qualities that she thought had been terribly underestimated. She thought McNairn ought to have been a district officer, even a senior district officer; he ought not to have been in trade.

She was fond of saying to Connie: "Your father was a great man. He never got his just deserts." In preservation of this myth she would not leave Burma, and McNairn was buried in the well-watered dust of the English cemetery, under the shade of pipal trees, in the quarter beyond the Swimming Club, and every Sunday Mrs. McNairn laid on the grave circular wreaths of hibiscus or frangipani that in an hour were blistered dead by sun. "This is our place," she said.

Now the rickshaw-boy was standing on the pedals of his bicycle, working hard, sweating deeply, to beat the last short incline out of the residential quarter towards the mill. They should have taken a taxi, the girl thought. It was already half-past twelve.

"I hate being late for things," she said.

"Personally I should have thought the later the better. After all——"

The girl sat grimly concentrated on the back of the boy, now liquid rose and gold with sweat as he pedalled up the hill. There was no need for her mother to finish what she had begun to say. Thousands of unfinished sentences had piled up mountainously on the affair of herself and Paterson. She felt suddenly wretched, depressed by the sweating rickshaw-boy, agitated into wishing more than ever they had taken a taxi.

In her agitation she was unaware of sitting forward, on the edge of the seat, and it was her mother who brought her to herself again.

"You're not going to work yourself into a state, are you?"

"I hate this rickshaw business. I hate it when they sweat."

"You were born in Burma," Mrs. McNairn said. "You were practically brought up here, except for the seven years in England. Of course they sweat. It's a hot morning. Anyway they're all bone lazy."

The girl knew all that and did not speak again. She knew, too, that it was not the rickshaw-boy who upset her, with his sweat and the illusion of being a slaving girl, but Paterson and herself and the greater illusions all that entailed.

In a dream, not listening and not even looking at the rickshaw-boy any more, she remembered how, in London, at the steamship agency, she had quite by accident met Paterson on a day before the war. Two people overhearing each other inquiring for passages to the same remote river town on the Irrawaddy could only laugh in surprise at each other before they began speaking.

It was a happy beginning; she was nineteen and her schooling in England was over; Paterson was twenty-three and had to her the appearance of a conqueror. She remembered Burma: the little town, the port, the steamers coming up from Rangoon, the hibiscus and the heat, the dust and the exquisite white pagodas, the glaring dazzling plain with its tender distant mountains, the delicate sad monastic bells and the jacaranda trees. It was part of the ecstasy to describe it all to Paterson.

Just at that moment her mother began waving at someone coming out of the gardens of the English Club.

"It's Miss Ross!" she said, and for the first time her hands sprang up, like rusty-yellow springs, from between her knees, revealing the lighter patches of silk underneath the arms.

"Miss Ross! Miss Ross!"

The rickshaw pulled up under the street trees, and across the sunshine Miss Ross, in a suit of white linen that made her look very like a nurse, came forward to Connie and Mrs. McNairn.

"Miss Ross, are you coming, too?"

"Coming? Where on earth to?"

Miss Ross had come to Burma as an Anglican missionary and had remained to embrace Buddhism. Her thoughtful pale face, elderly and delicate, had the contentment that arises from frailty; she was like the final leaf, sapless but strong, that will not be blown from the bare tree.

"To Mr. Paterson's. We're all going. I thought you knew."

"No: I don't know."

"There's some awful news of our all being packed up and sent away."

"Yes: I heard of it."

"Then we shall see you there."

"No," Miss Ross said. "I shall be over at the hospital."

"But you ought to come," Mrs. McNairn said. "You ought to know what's happening. What will happen if the Japanese come?"

"They'll probably rape me," Miss Ross said, and then smiled and began to walk away.

Mrs. McNairn was offended and could not speak, and in the silence that followed as they drove on the girl gave herself up to a few more thoughts of Paterson.

He had come out to Burma, after all, about four months before she had arrived. She had written her mother several letters about it. What she had said in them was true and yet, in a sense, it was not true. What she had said of her feelings for Paterson was true. It was when she spoke of what she believed were his feelings for her that she became guilty of a sort of ecstasy of lies. It did not matter that she had believed in them; the trouble was that her mother had believed in them, too.

That explained all the ghastly business of Paterson coming to meet her at Rangoon. She remembered something terribly rebellious in his face. He knew he had been caught up in a manipulated situation. He had seen it as something contrived by her mother. He had seen himself being cornered as the fresh, eligible newcomer, rich with managerial post, large bungalow and infinite prospects.

All the time he had not had the slightest idea that she herself had caused it by the lying ecstasy of the letters. He had come to Rangoon simply out of decency and because he was sorry for her and in a few moments all the charm of it was dead. She knew suddenly that all her lying had had the opposite effect of what she had longed for it to have.

She knew that Paterson was not in love with her, though her mother believed he was, and in a few days she felt as if she were coming back not to the places she knew so well, to the friendly flowering little town of bright pagodas and the evening sweetness of margosa and frangipani and the bright golden daylight, but to a strange land, glittering under intense harshness of light, oppressed by sulphur dust blowing in from the outer plain; a life riddled as if by maggots with gossip, and disembowelled of all the expected beauty by respectable leeches.

While Connie sat thinking this, the rickshaw at last drew into Paterson's compound. After they had dismounted, her mother, provoked for the second time into showing the patched armpit of her dress, lifted her hands, snipped back the catch of her parasol and said: "There goes that disgusting girl. She's here."

From the plantation of pineapples, out of the bright sun into the broken shade of the papaia trees, Connie looked up to see the girl Nadia walking towards the bungalow. She was carrying on her head a flat, round basket of cane filled with papaia, green-skinned oranges and small bananas of parrot green, as if she had been gathering the fruit for lunch.

She held the basket with both hands, so that the little yellow bodice-blouse was pulled up from her skirt, showing her naked cream back that had something of the same tender silkiness as a young banana frond in the sun. The swing of her body broke at intervals the division of her skirt, so that one naked leg, pale and silky as her back, split out of the purple fabric like a shining seed.

Mrs. McNairn was so angry that she forgot to put up the parasol and simply waved it at the sweating rickshaw-boy. "Don't tell me how much it is! I know!"

At the same moment two figures in white appeared across the compound. And to them, too, Mrs. McNairn waved the parasol, so that the rickshaw-boy instinctively ducked again.

"Thank God the Portmans are here!"

The second instalment of "The Jacaranda Tree" will appear in John Bull next week. This H. E. Bates novel will be published in book form by Michael Joseph Ltd. in January

THE BEHOLDER'S EYE

by ***DUDLEY BARKER***
ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY HERBERT

Violet wasn't everyone's idea of what the wife of a genius should be.
But then Hugman wasn't everyone's idea of a conventional genius

I looked at the exquisite nude, while Hugman smoked his cigar. "Yes," he said. "It's quite a story"

IN A SENSE, it was I who "discovered" Lowery Hugman. It was long ago, when the world was young and gay, about 1930, when nobody had a darned thing to worry about except the slump; and prosperity, like Hitler, was just around the corner.

At that time I was writing a column for Lord Elphin's *Daily Courier*. It was the silly season and I was scratching around for something to write about, so one day I looked in at a little gallery just off Bond Street, where there was one of those small exhibitions of new painting and sculpture.

I had been sent a rather pansy invitation card by the proprietor, a Mr. Milton Shakespeare—I suppose that can't really have been his name, but after all these years I can't remember it exactly. It was something like that—Spenser Wordsworth, perhaps, or Tennyson Blake. Anyway, let's call him Milton. He has, of course, long ago vanished from the artistic purlieus of Bond Street.

The weather was very hot, even for the 1930s, when London summers were all long and glorious, quite unlike the miserable summers we have now. The gallery was rather cramped and done out in a bright shade of magenta.

When I went in, there were only two other people there. One was obviously Milton himself, a tall sallow man of middle age, going slightly bald and with deep lines round his mouth. He was wearing green corduroy trousers, a velvet jacket and an open-necked shirt of the brilliant check pattern favoured by Canadian lumberjacks, and was smoking a Turkish cigarette through a long jade holder.

HE greeted me with as much indifference as he could, gave me a catalogue (with a foreword by some Czech of whom I had never heard) and left me to wander round the show.

It was the usual sort of thing. I never have pretended to know much about art. All I wanted was an amusing paragraph, and for that there was plenty of material.

There were lumps of marble carved into fantastic shapes and one masterpiece created by pasting scraps of newspaper and feathers from a Rhode Island Red on to a wooden backboard lacquered with brown bootpolish.

In the centre of the room stood an upright rod of stainless steel, to which was fastened a coat hanger wound round with strips of coloured tinsel; this, my catalogue informed me, was an essay in the primitive, called *Man's Heritage*, by a sculptor from Greece.

I was standing about listlessly, wondering what to write and pondering that it is almost impossible to be amusing about the truly absurd, when Milton came across with the other man to introduce him to me. I am sure of his name because the other day, turning out a drawer, I found his visiting card—Ember K. Tapp, of New York City.

Mr. Tapp, as Milton explained, trying hard to keep a little tremble of excitement out of his voice, was a distinguished art expert from America, travelling Europe to make purchases for the collection of a millionaire; he mentioned a very well-known name indeed.

"And this," said Milton to Mr. Tapp, "is the distinguished art critic of the *Daily Courier*."

It was not much of a joke, perhaps, even for a hot day, but I did not disillusion him. I hadn't the heart. Milton was so eager to seize his one chance of selling something to somebody who could really touch some money, and if I could help him—well, there was no harm done. So I nodded and shook Mr. Tapp by his muscular hand.

Mr. Tapp, I must say, fell for it beautifully. He wanted my advice desperately. Which did I think the most worthwhile piece in the exhibition?

I happened to be standing before a rather large sculpture. The shape, I suppose, was not unpleasing, though it conveyed absolutely nothing to me. It had whorls and curves and little smooth holes, and a sly glance at the catalogue told me it was called *Judgment Day* and had been perpetrated by somebody named Lowery Hugman.

So I pointed to *Judgment Day* and confided to Mr. Tapp that I thought it just about the most remarkable *tour de force* that I had seen in many a long day. Mr. Tapp was impressed, Milton looked grateful and I went back to my office and thought no more about it.

A couple of days later I was rung up by an agitated voice that turned out to be Milton's. He wanted to thank me and to tell me that Mr. Tapp had bought *Judgment Day* for the astonishing sum of 350 guineas. Moreover, the piece was to be exhibited next winter in some New York gallery of apparently supreme repute. Milton was purring.

He now insisted that I should meet the sculptor himself, and suggested a lunch.

WELL, as I have said, it was the silly season, and a wretched columnist has to have paragraphs every day, so I accepted.

Milton took us to one of those little cafés just off the King's Road, Chelsea; he was one of those people whose whole life is passed just off some famous thoroughfare. And just off this one he merged with his background like a contented chameleon.

But there was no merging about Lowery Hugman, the sculptor, or his wife, who came with him. They stood out from that artistic café like a pair of mongrel dogs at a cat show.

Hugman was a young fellow of, I suppose, about twenty-five. He was short and thick. He wore a grey suit that had obviously been manufactured in Leeds, black boots and a celluloid collar, and in his strong and stubby fingers he held a bowler hat. His face was rather full, with black eyebrows, and he had a pimple on the corner of his chin that fidgeted him a good deal.

The other day, from curiosity, I turned up the paragraph that I wrote at the time. He was, I see, the son of a deceased railway clerk, he lived on the fringe of the suburb of Streatham and he worked for a monumental mason to whom, quite by chance, he had been apprenticed as a lad.

I remember wondering then whether that was not the key to the whole thing—that his essays into odd and hideous sculptural shapes were simply instinctive reaction from the stone cherubs and crowns and garlands which he fashioned in the course of his funereal daily business.

One thing about Hugman, he was no conversationalist. The most he could manage, as he grappled awkwardly with the stuffed egg and the curried chicken

with tiny scraps of which this artistic café regaled us on plates of crudely painted pottery, were a few grunts and monosyllables, very rarely a whole sentence.

But Milton and I had no need to smooth over any embarrassing gaps in the conversation. Mrs. Hugman took care of that. To every question addressed to her husband she supplied a voluble answer.

She was enjoying herself, was Violet Hugman. This was her first excursion into high life. She was, I think, amazed to discover that any such glorious adventure could result from the bits of stone and wood with which her drab husband messed up her back kitchen night after night.

But since the miracle had happened she intended to get full value from it.

Violet Hugman fascinated me. She was, I suppose, one of the plainest girls I had ever seen—probably two or three years younger than her husband.

A print dress on a sunny day imparts to most young women a certain touch of attractiveness. This was not so with Violet Hugman. What was revealed was an impression of harshness, of rough corners.

And the straw hat on her brick-red hair was adorned with a shrieking pink ribbon.

But, for all that, there was something about her. She dominated. She was trying, I think, to create a sort of romantic, eccentric genius out of this dull fish of a husband.

It turned out, of course, that the joke was against me.

When Mr. Tapp, after suitable preliminary publicity, put *Judgment Day* on show in New York, there was a sculptural volcano. My little arrow, shot accidentally into the air, had fallen to earth bang in the middle of the bullseye.

Lowery Hugman, it seemed, *was* a genius. *Judgment Day* was photographed and reproduced in all the most distinguished magazines of culture, and persons of eminence wrote long and incomprehensible articles about it. When the news came flashing back to London, pilgrimages of little fat men with bright eyes set off in haste for Streatham, to discover whether he had any more masterpieces.

He had—dozens of them. Odd pieces of stone hewn into curious shapes were stuffed like battered luggage into the dark and dirty loft of the house. Wood carvings that sent the little fat men into ecstasies were piled in the outside lavatory. There was a row of clay models on a shelf in the scullery and even a couple of treasures in the coal shed.

I only read about all this. When the thing blew up into a big story I suggested I should be assigned to follow up. But it was soon made quite clear that, at this point, the professional art critics took over. What did a gossip writer know about sculpture? What indeed?

Milton, too, I imagine, was elbowed out in the same sort of way. He may by chance have struck oil, but it was certain that not he, but the experts, would work it. At any rate, Lowery Hugman's first one-man show was not "just off," but bang in the centre of Bond Street. And there were no corduroy trousers nor jade cigarette holders knocking about then.

The acolytes of the show were tall and handsome young men in formal morning dress, and the gallery was thronged with expensive-looking young women, and elderly men bearded like senators. Even the cries of delight were refined.

So for years I saw no more of Lowery and Violet Hugman, though of course I often came across his name, and occasionally I went to stare, puzzled as ever, at his massive stone totem pole that had been ceremoniously erected in Regent's Park, or at the peculiar friezes with which, for an enormous fee, he had encrusted a huge new block of offices in Knightsbridge.

Probably I should never have met the Hugmans again had it not been for another odd chance.

When the war ended I needed, like so many others, a house. I had an elderly aunt living in Streatham. She had lived in the same house ever since she went there as a bride, and she was already a widow when, as a lad, I used occasionally to be sent there to see her. Whatever emotions and adventures life had yielded her they had occurred in that house.

Towards the end of the war, when the flying bombs were coming over, her ration of adventures was lavish. But auntie stuck it out in her stuffy sitting-room, with the velvet curtains, the baize fringe to the mantelshelf, the whiskered portrait of uncle on the wall, the bullrushes arranged in the grate and the pot of ferns.

Then, as peace returned to Streatham, auntie died and left the house to me.

We had been there about a week when I found the children at the bottom of the garden, making friends with a man who was leaning over the fence which separated his plot from mine.

He looked up and nodded to me, and said: "Nice kids. Susan wants a dolls' house."

"Man's going to make it for me," cried Susan excitedly, jumping up and down.

"Why, that's very kind of you——" I began.

"Seen you before somewhere," he interrupted. "Ah, I know. Newspaper reporter."

I said that I used to be, trying hard to place him.

"Hugman," he volunteered. "Sculptor. We met when that chap bought my first piece for New York."

And then, of course, I remembered. We talked together for a while, then he said: "Come and look us up some time. Violet would like to see you again."

I approached the acquaintance with curiosity. It was puzzling, for one thing, to find them still living in the same suburb. He must have made a tidy fortune, and the whole world of wealth and fashion was certainly open to him, if he chose to enter. Yet here he was, in a small inexpensive villa, with a large shed in the garden which he used as a studio.

We hit upon the reason when my wife and I were at last asked round to tea one Sunday afternoon. Violet was the reason.

I remembered my impression, at that first meeting long ago, that she was ambitious. What I had not realized was the nature of that ambition. She wanted to shine in her own small world.

There would have been no sense in moving to some more fashionable quarter. She wanted to show off her success where all her old friends could see and envy it.

So when we went to tea, in a room which my old aunt would have thought dashing, but in quite good taste, there was a maid, in cap and apron, to bring in the silver tray.

Violet Hugman fascinated me as much as ever. Once plain, she was now positively hideous, and she dressed herself in clothes for which, I am sure, she had paid 1s. 6d. for a paper pattern and had cut out and run up herself, with a lot of fuss and pins and a sewing machine, in her little back room.

Her fingers glittered with jewellery and she wore a long string of cultured pearls and a huge cameo brooch. Her red hair had faded a little and she had clearly persuaded some local hairdresser to have a not very accurate shot at blueing it. The result was a sort of mauve, with pink lights in it.

She was grotesque.

But she still had something about her. She still dominated.

She spoke of her husband in a mocking, superior way and told cruel little anecdotes of how she could never get rid of him, even for an hour or so, and how he messed about the house and got in her way. I think it was a real sorrow to her that he did not put on a white collar in the morning and catch a bus to the City, as all her friends' husbands did, but simply went out into the shed in the garden and worked on lumps of stone.

He took all this with great patience and good nature, as though it had never occurred to him that he was wealthy and world famous, or that he deserved better treatment. He simply said, "Yes, dear" and "No, dear," and eventually invited me to step out into the studio for a smoke. Violet did not permit smoking in the house.

When we got home my wife was gasping for a cigarette, and her comments on Violet Hugman were caustic. We rarely paid them any more social visits. But I got quite friendly with Hugman himself, and he grew devoted to the children and they to him.

Indeed, he asked my permission to cut a small gate in our party fence so that they could wander down and pester him

WITH MY FEET UP

Signals At Danger

I RECENTLY SAW another of those films in which everything happens in a train to somewhere. I used to think that such goings on went on in Continental trains because they had nationalised railways.

I still have hopes that, now our own railways are nationalised, our train journeys will become as exciting as Continental ones.

Thus it was only recently at Nuthouse Halt that I boarded a train and found myself engulfed in the drama which I will call *Third Return to Mimblebury Magna*.

The train had hardly started when a sinister individual came in from the corridor. He seated himself opposite me and deposited a mysterious-looking suitcase on the seat.

I felt the hair on the back of my neck rise as I realized that the suitcase was ticking loudly. I gathered my belongings and fled to another carriage. As I stumbled past him, I realized the utter completeness of his disguise. On the end of his case was a label reading "James Smith, Clockmaker."

A moment later the train drew up at Middle Mimblebury. My attention was caught by one of the flower beds on the platform. The name of the station was spelt out in white flowers. I realized with a shock that this was not for the delectation of passengers but was planted *so that it could be read from the air*.

As the train drew out, I was just settling in another compartment when a man came in carrying a small crate. I clutched my seat in terror—in the box were four carrier pigeons! I closed the window.

The train arrived at Mimblebury Magna and I alighted, white and shaking. With a green flag, the guard semaphored a signal to the driver, and, though I could not read the message, I realized by the satanic twist of his smile that the bridge along the line was mined.

I ran to a telephone box to report to the Railway Executive. Unfortunately I hadn't any coppers.

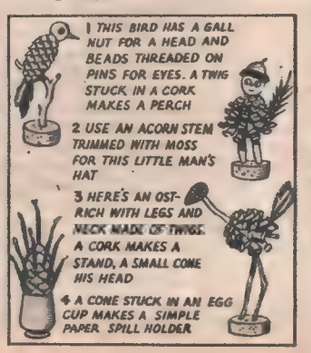
by Ian Fox

UNCLE ANDY

SCOTS PINE
SILVER FIR
DOUGLAS FIR
TREES WHICH BEAR CONES ARE CALLED CONIFERS. THE CONES ARE THE SEED CONTAINERS. IF THEY ARE DRY AND OPEN, THE SEEDS HAVE BEEN SHED

CONES CAN BE USED AS A BASE FOR SIMPLE TOYS. THE TOOLS YOU'LL NEED TO MAKE THEM ARE A PENKNIFE, PINS, GLUE AND PAINTS. HERE ARE SOME MODELS TO GO BY....
WE'LL MAKE THIS CONE INTO A BIRD

Toys from the Woods


1 THIS BIRD HAS A GALL NUT FOR A HEAD AND BEADS THREADED ON PINS FOR EYES. A TWIG STUCK IN A CORK MAKES A PERCH
2 USE AN ACORN STEM TRIMMED WITH MOSS FOR THIS LITTLE MAN'S HAT
3 HERE'S AN OSTRICH WITH LEGS AND NECK MADE OF TWIGS. A CORK MAKES A STAND, A SMALL CONE HIS HEAD
4 A CONE STUCK IN AN EGG CUP MAKES A SIMPLE PAPER SPILL HOLDER

as he worked. He never seemed to mind and kept his sweets ration for them in a glass jar with an elephant's head moulded on the lid.

And I got into the habit, often of an evening after dinner, of strolling down myself to smoke a pipe with him in his studio, while he puffed away at the stubby black cigars that were his only indulgence.

One evening we were standing there, contemplating a stone figure that he had almost finished, when he glanced ironically at me and said: "You don't really like it, do you?"

I protested that it was simply that I did not understand modern art.

"Tell me," I said impulsively, "I have often wondered. How did you start? What made you, an ordinary sort of chap as you were then, suddenly go in for this specialized sort of thing?"

"I read a book about it," he replied. Then he chuckled, and motioned me to settle down in a chair, while he perched himself on the edge of the model stand and lit another cigar.

"I'll tell you about it, if you like," he said. "It's a funny story. I got a book on the art of clay modelling from the Streatham Public Library and I thought I'd have a try. Of course, you must remember that I was used to working on stone because of my job. I was apprenticed to old Fawkes, the mason."

He paused, and then said: "Half a minute, I think I've still got it somewhere."

At one side of the studio there was a big cupboard. He climbed on to a stool to reach the top shelf, shifted a lot of odds and ends out of the way and lifted from the back a small clay model, which he carried over and put on a table in front of me.

I stared at it with amazement. It was the most exquisite little nude of a young girl. She was looking over one shoulder, as though half attracted, half prepared for flight. It had caught the very essence of youth's loveliness, the exact moment when a girl flowers into a woman.

"Of course," said Hugman, apologetically, "it's traditional, photographic, very ordinary really. But I was a novice then, I hadn't learned any better."

"It's the loveliest thing I have ever seen," I said.

"D'you think so?" he asked, pleased. "There's rather a funny story attached to it. When I made it, I mean. It was an adventure all right, for me."

I waited.

"I wanted a model, you see," he continued, "so I asked a girl I knew if she would pose for me. She was very reluctant, but in the end she said she would. She was a bit sweet on me and I was rather keen on her, too.

"There was a sort of shed at the bottom of her garden, so one afternoon I went down there with some clay and my book of instructions. She made me shut my eyes while she took her clothes off. She was very shy—so was I, come to that. I'd never seen a girl without any clothes, and I had half a mind to give it up, but I wanted to have a shot at this modelling business.

"So I started work on the clay, and I soon got engrossed in the job. Rather funny it was, I forgot all about her not having any clothes on, if you see what I mean.

"And just as I was nearly finished her father came down the garden and caught us. Phew, was there a row!"

"I bet there was," I murmured.

We smoked in silence for a while.

"What happened to the girl?" I asked after a few minutes.

"What happened to her?" He looked at me a little queerly, and held up the beautiful model, running his fingers lightly over it. "Why, I married her. Can't you see the resemblance?"

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

When I think of 1921

To some people Armistice Day may recall lost chances, lost hopes. Despair, though, is futile

In its early days, the Cenotaph was a sign that there would be no more war

WHEN I TOLD A FRIEND of mine that I intended to write something about Armistice Day, he was surprised. "Nobody takes much notice of Armistice Day now," he said.

I suppose he was right—if you take his "nobody" to mean very few people. The war before last is no longer very interesting.

All the same, the idea that few people nowadays give the Cenotaph a thought on Armistice Day came as a bit of a shock to me. I was nineteen when the Cenotaph was erected in Whitehall, and I could write a history of my life around it—a history based on the different way I've thought about the Cenotaph and everything it represents on each Armistice Day since.

To us young people then, of course, it was a sign that there would be no more war. We were very simple-minded in those days. We thought that after our experience of the ghastly slaughter of the 1914-1918 war, no human being could ever contemplate the possibility of another war.

But, by 1921, we were already beginning to have our doubts.

On Armistice Day, 1921, I was out of work. I marched in a procession of the unemployed to lay a wreath at the Cenotaph—a procession composed mainly of unemployed ex-Servicemen. When we formed up on the Embankment we stretched all the way from Charing Cross to Blackfriars.

We marched in silence down Whitehall, eight abreast. I was near the middle of the procession, and, looking down the slope of Whitehall from Trafalgar Square at the long column of marching men ahead of me, I thought we did it very well—though, of course, it was more an exhibition of rags and tatters than of spit and polish.

When I reached the Cenotaph a police inspector was already busy cutting off the label we'd attached to our wreath. It read: "To the victims of Rent, Interest and Profit, from their comrades who are suffering worse than death from the same unholy trinity." He obviously felt the Cenotaph was no place for the expression of such opinions.

Seems Childish Now

As I say, we were very simple-minded in those days. Or, at least, I was. I believed that capitalism was the cause of war; and that if we could abolish capitalism we should automatically abolish all wars.

It seemed so reasonable then. It seems so childish now—when you think of all the various "causes" of war we've been asked to believe in since.

On Armistice Day, 1948, with the odd spectacle of British Socialism uniting with American Capitalism against the threat of Russian Communism, the whole "ism" argument begins to look silly.

Increasingly, nowadays, my mind goes back to an incident I've often tried to forget. It was in 1915, before the Cenotaph was thought of; when the first World War had only just begun and I was still a schoolboy.

There was a baker's shop at the corner of our street, run by a German and his wife; two of the kindest people I knew. One night I saw a mob wrecking this shop.

I don't remember the details. They were the sort the mind refuses to remember. All I can see clearly now is the nightmare scene—the flames, the crashing glass and the wildly howling mob.

If only that mob had been a mob of strangers I might have been able to kid myself they were wicked Imperialists or wicked capitalists or possibly even the forerunners of wicked Nazis and Communists.

But I had looked into their faces. I had recognized my neighbours. There was no question of "isms" or "ists" here; nor any kind of inhuman monsters. This mob of howling men and shrieking women was composed of ordinary, decent people, people that I knew.

Couldn't Understand It

It was the biggest shock of my young life. I couldn't even try to make sense of it. I could only hurry away down the street, shut myself indoors and try to forget it.

As I grew older, and became a rising young Socialist and a determined pacifist, that incident didn't fit in with my theories at all. I *had* to forget it. I wanted to believe in the possibility of a world without violence and cruelty; and if I remembered what I'd seen in the eyes of those neighbours, hope receded too far.

But now I feel the experiences of the last thirty years compel me to accept the basic truth behind that incident. So long as two human beings are left alive with the power of getting at each other or the power of throwing anything at each other, there'll always be the possibility of war. The primary cause of war is not in our "isms" but in ourselves.

Does that mean we might as well give up in despair? I don't think so. It simply means we'd do better to face up to the possibility of yet another world war without feeling too brokenhearted or fearful about it—just as we face every day the possibility of a traffic accident without being too terrified to walk the streets.

If We Fail Again

Meanwhile, those of us who pride ourselves on our civilized common sense will obviously go on doing all we can, as individuals, to prevent another war; just as we do all we can to prevent the traffic accidents. And if we do our best and fail—well, what's the use of worrying about it?

Some of my friends tell me this attitude of mind is too easy-going. How can we hope to lead normal lives, they ask, under the threat of the atom bomb? I don't see why not.

It's true an atom bomb will kill more people at once than any other weapon we've been clever enough to invent. But what difference does that make to you and me, as individuals? Is it any worse than being ripped up with a bayonet or carved up with a sword or chopped up with a battle-axe or burned to death with boiling lead?

It may be; but I doubt it. And I feel sure it can't be worse than the agonizing death many of us have to face "peacefully" in bed.

So what *is* the use of worrying about just one more possible way of dying? Let's live our lives to the full while we can. There'll be plenty of time to think about the kinds of death we can die in the next war if and when we come to it.

When did you last eat a Mars bar s-l-o-w-l-y ?

Mars

are more marvellous now

Coated with milkier chocolate
Extra thick layer of new buttery flavoured caramel
Delicious chocolate lightning-whip centre
Mars

– and still only 4d!

SEE THAT YOUR FAMILY GETS ITS SHARE OF THESE FINE FOODS

NEWFORGE Fine Foods

A bowl of hot, delicious Newforge Soup—what a grand start to any meal. No wonder Dad nods approval, Tom asks for more and even Granny says she never tasted better. Yes, you'll enjoy **Newforge Soups** down to the last satisfying spoonful. They're made only from choice, tender garden vegetables and good rich stock—the whole so cleverly blended and cooked that each ingredient plays its full part in producing 'Fine Foods' at their very flavoursome best—to help the busy housewife.

Newforge soups are **10d.** and **7½d.** a can. And don't forget—always ask your grocer what other Newforge Fine Foods he has—the family will love them—and so will you.

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You Women!

When Mrs. Wintle swept into the shop, everyone felt bad tempered and a little shabby. But there were ways of getting your own back—little feminine ways—as Miss Paget found

by WILL SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY Pont

"Miss Paget," said Arrowby, icily. "Can you account for this?" Hands on hips, Mrs. Wintle waited

YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT a queen was calling, the way Mrs. Wintle got out of her car at Arrowby's and sailed into the Fancy Goods and Stationery. People passing stopped and stared and whispered.

One said she looked as if she'd lost her bazaar and hadn't got anything to open.

Arrowby himself was the only one who brightened up. He always did when he thought of money dropping in the till. The rest of them ducked under their individual clouds.

Without moving her lips, Miss Babbage, manageress of the Fancy Goods and Stationery, said: "Now we're for it!"

"And it's been such a cheerful morning," thought Miss Paget. She was fairly new to Arrowby's, but she'd had enough to know that young Mrs. Wintle always put everybody off and turned them worst side uppermost.

Nobody would have thought, to look at Mrs. Wintle now, that not so long ago she had been one of Arrowby's girls herself, fetching and carrying like the rest of them, nine till five. On her feet all day, going wherever Miss Babbage's pointing pencil sent her. And plenty of "Yes, Madam!" about her, too. She was nobody at all in those days. Just a girl with a large "A" on her overall.

And not one of Arrowby's brightest, either. She had managed to work her way out, and up the aisle with the well-off Wintle, without ever working her way to the top. She'd got blue eyes and a baby way, but that was about all she had got. And now she could step out of the big limousine and sail in as if she'd never seen a pay-packet in her life.

And you were supposed to smile and look as if you liked it—and give her plenty of "Yes, Madam?" into the bargain.

SHE had been before Miss Paget's time, but Miss Paget knew just how the other girls must feel. She liked nearly everybody, but she couldn't like Mrs. Wintle. It wasn't just her clothes, though where you got clothes like those in times like this nobody could guess. You couldn't really; it was impossible. But Mrs. Wintle *did*.

But it wasn't just her clothes. It was her manner. It was her way of making the Fancy Goods and Stationery seem to be covered with dust and the girls themselves a bit on the shabby side.

And there was Arrowby holding the shop door open and rubbing his hands and smirking and trusting Mrs. Wintle was well this morning. And Mrs. Wintle looking as if she had half decided to give him a knighthood.

"Bitch!" said one of the girls, diving under the counter for something she knew wasn't there.

And some of them pretended to tidy shelves, and some of them dodged into the packing room, and some of them fussed over other customers to get out of having to attend on Mrs. Wintle.

They all looked anxious and pushed strands of hair back into place and wondered if they'd got ladders in their stockings. Miss Paget, who had been happily looking forward to lunch with her boy friend, Johnny, in the little café along the street, found herself sighing—and wondering why.

Arrowby, with a flourish, passed Mrs. Wintle over to Miss Babbage, the look in his eye saying that Miss Babbage had better be careful, for here was a Very Important Customer.

"Good *morn*ing, my dear!" said Mrs. Wintle, putting on a smile that was at least four inches across, according to Miss Babbage's reckoning. "And how are *you*?"

"I'm quite all right, thank you," said Miss Babbage, working up an inch of smile on her own account.

"Such a *delight*ful morning!" said Mrs. Wintle brightly. She was always bright, even if she hadn't got the brains of a grasshopper. That, Miss Babbage thought, was how she had hooked the well-off Wintle.

Mrs. Wintle looked Miss Babbage up and down as if she was seeing an overall for the first time and was wondering what it might be for.

Then, in a stagey whisper which reached to the end of the department, she said, "I want a Bible."

Miss Babbage, old hand at the game though she was, must have shown what she was thinking, for Mrs. Wintle, looking her most modern, very quickly explained that it wasn't for herself.

"It's for my husband's aunt," she said. "Mrs. Carey-Witworth, you know."

That "you know" made Miss Babbage tingle. She didn't know. She didn't want to know. She felt like saying: "Mrs. Carey-Witworth first cousin to Nelson's Column or Christmas Day or something?" She very nearly did say: "And who the hell is Mrs. Carey-Witworth?"

But when you're manageress in the Fancy Goods and Stationery at Arrowby's there's only one thing you can say in such a situation. Miss Babbage said it.

"Miss Paget!"

Trapped, Miss Paget put on her Arrowby smile and raised her eyebrows.

"Bibles," said Miss Babbage, and sidled away into the background as quickly as she could.

"What kind of Bible were you wanting?" Miss Paget asked.

"What kinds have you?" said Mrs. Wintle.

Miss Paget produced cardboard boxes and flicked back their lids.

"We have *this*," she said. "Or *this*."

Strangers in the shop were whispering "Who is she?" and staring hard at Mrs. Wintle, her furs, her rings, her bangles, her Newest of Looks, everything about her. There wasn't a friendly stare in the place.

Mrs. Wintle, having chosen the most expensive Bible in Arrowby's, asked for it to be very carefully packed and sent to Mrs. Carey-Witworth, the Upper Manor, Kite's Green.

"Be careful to put *Upper* Manor," she said. "There's another, quite a little place, at the other end of the village."

Miss Paget picked up a pencil and reached for a slip.

"Mrs. . . . Witworth . . . ?" she said, beginning to write.

"Mrs. *Carey*-Witworth," Mrs. Wintle corrected her.

"Mrs. . . . Carey . . . Witworth . . . ?"

"There's a hyphen," said Mrs. Wintle.

"I see. Thank you," said Miss Paget.

Mrs. Wintle wanted to know if the Bible would be sure to go by the afternoon's post. Miss Paget promised to see to it right away. She made out Mrs. Wintle's bill, brought her change and watched her sail away and seize Miss Babbage once more. She wrote an index number on box and slip. The one she took to the packing room, the other to the typist's cubby hole at the back of the cash desk.

Then she retreated behind the book counter and listened.

Through Miss Babbage, with many "darlings" and "my dears," Mrs. Wintle was informing the entire department that she was shortly going to Switzerland for a month and that "Archie" had just bought a "little place" up the river.

"And the price he had to *pay*! My *dear*! Eight thousand *pounds*! I tell you, money goes *nowhere* today."

"As I said before," whispered one of the girls, from the packing room door.

"What's that?"

"Bitch!"

MRS. WINTLE left a strange feeling of discontent behind her. Tempers grew short, and it wouldn't have taken much for an all-round quarrel to break out behind the counters. Miss Babbage annoyed herself by remembering that there was no well-off Wintle in prospect for her and never would be. Miss Brown realized that the ear-rings she was saving up for weren't worth the trouble. Miss Smith hated her new perm. Miss Jones hated the new frock she had worn only once.

The sunny morning seemed to be torn up and Miss Paget was glad when it was time to meet her boy friend in the little café along the street. Johnny was a

tonic. He was always bright and cheerful.

"You look tired," he said.

"Do I? I don't know that I am."

"Had a trying morning at the shop?"

"I don't think so. No . . . Not really," said Miss Paget. "We've had that Mrs. Wintle in again—the girl I told you about. Used to work behind the counter in the Fancy Goods herself. Married too much money."

"Ah!" said Johnny.

"Putting everybody off with her patronizing ways!" Miss Paget told him about the Bible, Mrs. Carey-Witworth, the *Upper* Manor and all.

Johnny laughed, which surprised her.

"You women!" he said.

"How do you mean?" said Miss Paget.

"Women," said Johnny, "have no sense of humour."

"If you can see anything to laugh at——"

"If it had been *men*," said Johnny, "they'd have roared their heads off. Especially at that prime bit about Mrs. Somebody-hyphen-Something. If your Wintle had been a man she'd have been *told*. Except that if she'd been a man she'd never have *been* like that. It's funny."

"It didn't seem funny," said Miss Paget.

"It's the way you look at it, and women look at it in a different way, I suppose. Anyway, you can forget all about it."

"No, I can't," said Miss Paget.

"Yes, you can," said Johnny. "She doesn't matter any more. Not to you. Neither does Arrowby's. You can give your notice in on Friday."

"Johnny!" exclaimed Miss Paget.

"I've heard from Taunton's," said Johnny. "Here's the letter. Look—the job's okay, and the house with it. I start the twentieth of next month. If we're going to get married first we shall have to make the dust fly."

"*Johnny!*" exclaimed Miss Paget.

HE was right. Arrowby's didn't matter, after that. She had something else to think about. As for Mrs. Wintle, even when, three mornings later, she sailed in without her usual brassy smile, Miss Paget couldn't have cared less. Her notice was given in, her last week at the shop had started, her head was full of stair carpets and curtains.

It would take more than Mrs. Wintle to get her rattled now.

But it seemed Mrs. Wintle could still get the others rattled. Extra rattled. There was a row working up.

"I want to see Mr. Arrowby!" Mrs. Wintle demanded of one of the girls, in a voice that seemed to come through a mouthful of steel filings.

"If I could do anything——"

"I want—to see—Mr. Arrowby!"

"Yes, certainly . . . Madam!"

Arrowby appeared out of the shadows, rubbing his hands and smirking away and trusting Mrs. Wintle was well this morning. But Mrs. Wintle wasn't there for that sort of thing this time.

"On Tuesday morning I ordered a Bible to be sent to my husband's aunt, Mrs. Carey-Witworth," she said.

"I will make inquiries at once, if you will kindly——"

"Look at that!" snapped Mrs. Wintle.

"I beg your pardon?"

Mrs. Wintle threw a book on the nearest counter. Arrowby, his eyes held by the young woman who two years before was calling him "Sir," fumbled about with one hand until he touched it. He picked it up and at last looked at it.

It was a copy of Catesby's *Edible Fungi*, with pictures in full colour of things growing up the sides of trees.

"Look at it!" repeated Mrs. Wintle.

"Yes," said Arrowby. "Quite. I'm afraid I don't altogether understand you."

"I ordered a *Bible*," said Mrs. Wintle. "*That* is what Mrs. Carey-Witworth received."

"Erm . . ." said Arrowby.

"Mrs. Carey-Witworth is very naturally annoyed."

"Very naturally," Arrowby agreed.

To show he wasn't head of Arrowby's for nothing, he looked up quickly and curved his finger.

"Miss Babbage!"

He laid the distressing case before the manageress of the Fancy Goods and Stationery.

"When a Bible is ordered," he concluded, "the customer has a right to expect a Bible. Not," he glanced again at the offending volume, "not a treatise on *edible fungi*!"

"Of all things," said Mrs. Wintle.

"Of all things," Arrowby echoed.

"Mrs. Carey-Witworth is very naturally annoyed." said Mrs. Wintle.

"Very naturally," said Arrowby. "We shall, of course, make a full apology to Mrs. Carey-Witworth." To Miss Babbage: "Be good enough to find out how it came about."

"Miss Paget!" she called.

And Miss Paget was torn away from stair carpets and curtains to learn about the incredible thing that had happened to Mrs. Carey-Witworth.

"Miss Paget," said Arrowby icily as, hands on hips, Mrs. Wintle waited. "Can you account for this?"

Miss Paget couldn't.

"You have your records?"

"Yes."

"Bring them."

Miss Paget brought them. They were quite in order.

"The label must have been put on the wrong package," she suggested.

"Of course the label was put on the wrong package," said Arrowby. He turned to Mrs. Wintle. "Some unaccountable mistake in the packing-room. If you will leave this matter with me I will have it thoroughly investigated. In the meantime, a copy of the Bible in the style required shall be sent to Mrs. Carey-Witworth by the first post. Please see to that, Miss Paget."

Miss Paget went away to see to it, and Arrowby rubbed his hands and tried to smile at Mrs. Wintle.

"I trust you will accept my personal regrets in this matter.

"Quite all right," said Mrs. Wintle, putting on her most unfriendly expression. "Only I have had rather a terrible time on the telephone. It isn't the sort of thing that Mrs. Carey-Witworth could be expected to *like*."

"It is the last thing I would have had happen," said Arrowby. Then with half a bow, "If there should be anything further——"

"Nothing, thank you." And Mrs. Wintle sailed out to her big Vauxhall.

"Come with me, Miss Babbage!" said Arrowby, ready for trouble.

IN the packing room, Miss Paget was explaining to Miss Gates, who was trying to understand what the bother was about. Miss Gates was an undersized girl, pale, with thick-lensed glasses. Arrowby employed her in the packing-room on the principle that any fool can pack parcels. She was popular with the other girls.

"On Tuesday morning," said Arrowby, glaring at her, "you packed this book for Mrs. Carey-Witworth instead of a Bible. *This*, of all things! Why?"

"I don't know." Miss Gates looked as if she wanted to cry. "I don't see what's in the boxes. I just pack them."

"You should put the proper labels on the proper boxes."

"I didn't know I hadn't."

"It wouldn't have mattered so much if it hadn't been Mrs. Carey-Witworth," said Arrowby. "When Mrs. Carey-Witworth——"

"The mistake was probably mine," said Miss Paget.

"Do you mean you know it was?"

"No, I don't," said Miss Paget, flushing. "But I'm as likely to have sent in the wrong box as Miss Gates is to have put on the wrong label."

The interruption turned Arrowby an unpleasant purple. He would have given Miss Paget a week's notice on the spot if he hadn't luckily remembered just in time that she had given him a week's notice only that morning. He swung his purple face round at Miss Gates.

"I was speaking to *you*! *Edible Fungi*, of all things! Mrs. Carey-Witworth is annoyed, and very properly so. If all customers of Mrs. Carey-Witworth's standing——"

"Mrs. Carey-Witworth this and Mrs. Carey-Witworth that!" Miss Gates shouted back.

"What!"

"Nothing but Mrs. Carey-damned-Witworth!"

Arrowby turned very pale and very quiet.

"Go and ask the cashier for your money," he said. "You need not come back this afternoon. Miss Paget—will you please see that a Bible is suitably packed and sent off the first thing after lunch?"

And out he went. And little Miss Gates threw her scissors on the table and started to cry in earnest.

"It's every time that cat of a woman comes into the shop," said Miss Babbage.

Then they all started.

Johnny was delighted when Miss Paget told him about it in the little café along the street. He couldn't stop his shoulders heaving.

"You wouldn't laugh if you'd seen poor little Gates," said Miss Paget.

"It's the other one I'm thinking about," said Johnny. "The hyphenated one. Unpacking her Bible on her bright birthday morn, or whatever it was, and finding a guide to toadstools!"

"Well, of course she'd be annoyed," said Miss Paget.

"Of course. That's what I'm laughing at," said Johnny. "She sounds exactly the kind of person that sort of thing *ought* to happen to."

Miss Paget, with memories of Miss Gates's tearful face, said she was sorry but she was afraid she couldn't see the joke, and Johnny changed the subject to a visit to the pictures that evening.

Miss Paget, back early, had the shop to herself for a little while. She went into the packing room to get the Bible off to Mrs. Carey-Witworth. It was there ready in its little box, the label from the typist's cubby hole beside it. She jabbed the brush in the paste jar.

MISS BABBAGE was right, she thought. It *was* every time that cat of a woman came into the shop. Miss Paget wasn't sorry a bit that she'd been put out herself for a change. And dear "Archie's" aunt with her fool of a double name. A pity they couldn't be put out a bit more.

Then she noticed Catesby's *Edible Fungi*, still where Arrowby had thrown it on the table.

"*And* that beast of a man!" she said, half aloud.

Suddenly she set her lips and slipped the Bible out of its box. She slipped Catesby's *Edible Fungi* in. She fastened the box, pasted Mrs. Carey-Witworth's label and stuck it on.

"Now they can sort that out between them!" she thought. "And whatever happens he can't sack me."

She hid the Bible away and took the neatly packed book on edible fungi to the posting department.

When Johnny met her that evening he told her he'd got an idea.

"Do you think you could get me that hyphenated woman's address?"

"Whatever for?" asked Miss Paget.

"I've half a mind to buy a copy of Catesby's *Edible Fungi* and send it to her," said Johnny, screwing up his eyes and beginning to shake. "I can just imagine her face if she got it all over again. I can imagine all their faces. And the row that would break out!"

"You're a bit late," said Miss Paget, and told him what she'd done.

They were at the corner of the High Street. Johnny stopped under a lamp post.

"I take back all I said the other day," he declared, "about women and a sense of humour."

"You don't think I did it for *fun*?" said Miss Paget. "I did it to pay them all out." She caught his expression. "Spite? Call it what you like. But I didn't think it at all amusing, I give you my word. Another thing—it cost me nothing. It would cost you half a crown. Three and threepence with postage. I don't see much sense of humour about that."

When he had done laughing and could lift his head and open his eyes he saw that she was laughing, too.

"It *is* funny, you see," said Johnny.

"I'm laughing at *you*," said Miss Paget.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

AS AN ARTIST, Ronald Lampitt looks *down* on life. Oddly, despite the perspective, he painted this impression of a city centre during the busy hour before the shops close, with both feet firmly on the ground. It all started when he was in R.A.F. Intelligence during the war. His job was to make bird's-eye view drawings from aerial photographs of bomber targets. Since then he just can't help viewing subjects as though he were perched on top of a steeple.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Stick At It

A MOTORIST friend of mine remarked to me the other day: "I have driven my car in all sorts of weather—rain, sleet, snow, fog. Many a time I've been lost and unable to see the road. But I've always got there in the end by sticking to one simple thought: *the road is still there, and it's up to me to find it.*"

I think highly of my friend's little homily. I know from my own experience, and I'm sure you know equally well from yours, that many a time we fail to achieve what we set out to do because we get tired of looking for the main road and go on to a useless sidetrack.

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by ROFFE THOMPSON

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HIGH STAIN GLOSS

SHE WON THREE WISHES!

"A PHONE call to South Africa, please—*and* a vacuum-cleaner *and* an armchair." This was the 3-in-1 request just made to JOHN BULL by Miss Ivy Palmer, 23 Salisbury Road, Hove; her three wishes are being fulfilled, as part of *Bullets* 36th Birthday First Prize.

Winner of the big cheque which went with the wishes was her father, Mr. E. Palmer, also a keen "Bulleteer." But she was the one to think out that winning Bullet, MAN IN THE STREET — AVENUE, BOULEVARD, SEEKING "ROAD." So father left the wishing to his violinist daughter.

Think what a lot of wishes *you* could fulfil if you won this week's fine 2-in-1 First Prize. Then start thinking out a £250 *Bullet* to post on your coupon from this page!

LAST 2 WEEKS of XMAS PARCELS!

"Bullets" Prizes value over **£500**

£250 1st Prize plus
XMAS LUXURY PARCEL
£25 plus Parcel–£10 plus Parcel
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100 4-lb. XMAS CAKES
1,500 "Good Shots," with £10 Opportunity
UP TO 100 BOXES of CRACKERS
Enter eight or more *Bullets* and your Xmas Cake will be accompanied by fine Box of Crackers.

CHRISTMAS PARCELS like this one containing Xmas Pudding, Crystallized Fruit, Crackers, Jam, Cherries in Syrup, Soups, Sweetmeats, etc., etc., have been secured as Christmas Prizes for "Bulleteers." Another big batch will be won this week.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Prosperity's Castle	In The Thick Of It
Coming For Christmas	Puffing And Blowing
Big Family	Sonny's Mouse
At The Crossroads	All He's Got
Man Of Action	Carried Out
No Life	She's A Mother, So
Cog In The Machine	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Lonely	
In Our Eyes	Meant To Be.....
Like Old Times	Plain To.....
Pigs	Girl In The.....
Off The Rails	Both The.....
A Fast One	Drop Of.....
Dick Barton	.....Blundered And

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crosswords help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Dec. 4, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,656 (or Xword 608) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here to get help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Dec. 4 containing **GRAND NEW PRIZE OFFER**

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B.

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Fee: 1s. for 4 or 6d. for 2 "Bullets"—plain paper efforts, same rate.

Closing Postmark, **1,656** MON. NOV. 22

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Cash and 137 Xmas Feasts Won

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FIRST PRIZE, £250: A. Alexander, 21 Fortescue Road, Bournemouth: INTERNATIONAL HARMONY "WE'LL USE *Ordinary* BOMBS!"

SECOND PRIZE, £25: W. Lambert, 2 Hillside Close, Norwich: BACKBONE OF STEEL—TAXPAYER'S — "NATIONALISED" LONG AGO!

THIRD PRIZE, £10: W. V. Williams, 50 Towngate, Northowram, Halifax: NEVER SATISFIED—THE "ONE GRASPING POWER."

OTHER AWARDS. £9: B. Plumridge, Ditchfield, Lane End; SLIPPED OUT—PARENTS—SO DID CINDER. £8: J. W. Foreman, "Ambleside," Wyatts Green, Doddinghurst, Brentwood: PLEASANT PROSPECT—WHEN PEANUTS "GET CRACKING." £7: J. Weston, 6 Cuthbert's Yard, Barlestone, nr. Nuneaton: BACKBONE OF UNOFFICIAL—STRIKE—STALIN'S "LITTLE FINGER"? £6: R. Bruce, 21 Heaton Avenue, Dewsbury: STUDYING THE NATION'S—"HEALTH," WORKER'S GREAT "SERVICE."

FIVE of £5: A. Cross, 1 Hilltop Avenue, Whitefield, Manchester; WHEN HE SAW OUR POINT—RUSSIAN DELEGATE FELT TRAITOR! S. Curry, 141 Springfield Road, Kearsley: NEMESIS—MENACES, SINCE ATOM'S GENESIS. A. J. Dorrall, Eastcourt House, Burbage: WHEN HE SAW OUR TEAM—TALENT SPOTTER WIRED *Circus*! G. J. A. Hill, Chantry Bungalow, Chilton, Sudbury: INTERNATIONAL HARMONY—OLD NICK'S "FORK" TUNING? R. Houseman, 37 Holden Street, Accrington: SLIPPED OUT—AND SHOT CARPET, FOREFATHERS!

Above 12 winners also receive 14-lb. Christmas Parcels. Winners of 25 further Parcels and 100 Cakes have been notified and 1,500 "Good Shots" posted.

RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated December 11, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 604

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Cable. 3, Chap. 6, Light. 7, House. 8, Pawn. 12, Attic. 14, Fall. 15, Merry. DOWN: 2, Lids. 4, Patent. 5, Chief. 9, Aviary. 10, Bull. 11, Hay. 13, Cam.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: H. C. L. Stocks, The Chantry, St. Asaph, Flintshire.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 13 entrants. In addition Winner and Runners-up receive 6-lb. Xmas Feasts.

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THIS WAY TO WIN

USEFUL cheques have been won by 30 readers in the last 10 Crossword contests; work out now that puzzle below and a welcome prize with a Christmas Cake and Pudding may be yours.

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — **XWORD 608**

1. Local Derby is expected to provide such a game
3. This may be more valuable to political party than lot of dull propaganda
4. Judge isn't likely to be convinced by argument which is merely this
7. Many locals will regard new ones as real progress
8. People may often be forgiven for keeping this about house
9. Man out hunting may perhaps get this if he's a bad shot
12. It's amazing how some football crowds are carried away by these
13. Can make things pretty hot

Down Clues

1. Vigorously to disturb water produces this
2. Many would be just right for the nursery
3. Whilst many a man is comforted by one, some men are made quarrelsome
5. Gardener may dig them up regularly
6. Sudden one may startle you in country on a dark night
10. If you're impatient, one may seem particularly dense
11. Naturally infuriates one

MORE XMAS FEASTS with THIS WEEK'S PRIZES

1 B		2 T	T	E	R		3 W	I		
				4 V	A		I	D		
B	O	L	T		T				5	
B	E	E		6		P	E	S	O	
L		7 S		O	P	S		Q	R	
E	T			U	I		8	U	M	
	9 W	I		G	E	D		I	S	
10 F	O	R		H			11 B	R		
		O	H		12 T		A	M	S	
13 G		N	G	E	R			608		

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.) Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated December 4.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

608 Closing Postmark, MON., NOV. 22

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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Write to John Bull About It

John Bull's expert advisers help to solve readers' personal problems. Answers on points of general interest will be published each week

Would-be Teachers

J. L. (Salford): Emergency training scheme for men teachers was closed to applicants on June 30, 1947. Many ex-Servicemen accepted before that date are still waiting to train. The colleges are quite full. The reason emergency training for women still continues is the large demand for women to teach infants: there was an abnormal rise in the birth rate after the war. The demand for more men teachers will follow when these children reach primary-school age.

War Grave Photos

N. C. (Worcester): You will get a photograph of your son's grave in Holland. Photo records of war graves have been completed in all areas of Europe except Poland and the French and Soviet zones of Germany. Prints are on their way to next-of-kin. If yours doesn't arrive by December 1, write to the War Office (A.G.13 Graves) before the end of the year. Should it have been found impracticable to take a photograph, you will be told why. The Army can supply only one print to registered next-of-kin, but, in the case of graves in north-west Europe, additional copies can be got through the British Legion, which supplies photos on payment of a small charge.

Service Marriage Allowances

A. H. (Southend): Impression that your marriage allowance from the Army will cease if you join the W.R.N.S. is incorrect. The War Office states that joining an auxiliary Service will not affect it.

Postwar Credits

A. Y. (Cheltenham): A postwar credit certificate is of little value in itself. It merely shows how credit is calculated. Loss of the certificates will not affect a claim when the time comes for the credits to be repaid. Payment may, however, be delayed if the reference number on the certificate cannot be quoted, so it is advisable to notify the Inspector of Taxes who issued the certificates that they have been lost.

Surgical Corsets

G. W. (Ripon): Surgical corsets under the Health Service are provided where prescribed by a specialist at a hospital in the service. First consult the family doctor. If he considers that surgical corsets are required, he will recommend your case to the appropriate hospital.

German Ex-prisoners

B. H. (Atherstone): At the end of the year, German ex-p.o.w.s in the employment of agricultural executive committees are to be repatriated. Farmers had up to September 30 to apply for Germans in committee employ. Some German ex-prisoners who are not required here for further agricultural or other special work may be allowed to remain on compassionate or similar grounds. Applications should be made to the Home Office (Aliens Department), 271 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Readers' queries (except medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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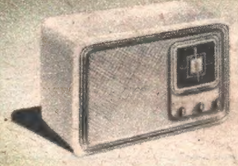

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